THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVIII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Ranson Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878. $3.00 a Year in Advance, With Double Premium. No. 2.

LIFE'S BITTER-SWEETS.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

Life has for every joy a pain,
For every smile a tear;
And as each rose a thorn conceals,
Each hope conceals a fear.

But for each earthly sorrowing
A fadeless joy is given
To mortal hearts which ever seek
To turn their thoughts to heaven.

As every silent wind that blows
Some weary soul sets free,
So death, as every moment flies,
Is hovering over thee.

For life is short at best you know,
So prize each joy you gain;
And let life's sweetness ever be
A solace for its pain.

And build not castles in the air,
For, transient as a tear,
They glisten, tremble and dissolve
Upon ambition's bier.

But teach thy heart to be content,
Let doubts and fears be riven;
And, looking upward, dry thy tears
And turn thy thoughts to heaven.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

AGATHA FALLS IN WITH SOME UNMANNERLY PEOPLE IN THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

People are not so bad as they appear; they are only conceited, and imagine they make themselves important and have power, because they can be rude and insulting.—*Auerbach.*

Agatha prolonged her visit week after week, at Mrs. Belcher's earnest solicitations. Lent came and went, and still she was there, staying now for the Easter-Monday party that her friend was going to give.

Some English writer defines a ball to be an assemblage of over seventy-five persons, where there is dancing. Certainly, then, Mrs. Belcher's entertainment merited the name; and it was as charming as magnificently dressed women, beautiful and bewitching girls, plenty of dancing men, a wilderness of flowers, and a elegant supper can make an entertainment.

Agatha enjoyed it as thoroughly as it was possible for her to enjoy anything in these days; for, day and night, she was haunted by the remorseful reproaches of her conscience, in that love, and not friendship, for Carroll Tracey had taken possession of her life. But the ravishing music, the gay flowers, the whirl of the dancers, all conspired to take her out of herself for the time, and to stifle the still small voice that had of late ceaselessly sounded its warnings. But strive as she would to banish from her mind the dangerous memories that haunted it—to overcome the passion that glowed in her heart like a half-smothered fire bursting out anew, and flaming up when least expected, it was always there; always smouldering, smouldering, and sending its subtle heat like poison through her veins.

Mr. Davenport, who had been a great deal in her society during her visit, and with whom she was on the most friendly terms, looked a little blue over the prospect of her near departure. He took encouragement from the sadness in her face, fancying that upon her also fell the shadow of their approaching separation. The music had ceased, the ball-room was almost deserted, but still he remained by her side. She longed to get away from the glare of the lights—to reach the solitude of her chamber. Why did he not go?

She was not long left in doubt. The bouquet of rosebuds and forget-me-nots which he had sent her lay in her lap. Lifting it, he said:

"I might tell you, Miss Lee, that there was not a bud in this bouquet that had not a message for you! For of course you understand the language of flowers; and I might say that everyone of these tiny blue flowers has a voice if you would but listen. But that is not my way of telling you what I have to say."

"Good heavens!" thought Agatha, "is this man going to make love to me?"

He continued:

"I cannot tell you that you are the first woman that I have ever fancied, for that would not be true; nor can I say you are the first one I have ever loved; but I can say that I have known one whom——" Here Mr. Davenport became a little embarrassed as he met Agatha's gaze turned wonderingly upon him; but soon recovering himself, he continued: "I mean that you are the first woman whom I have ever wished to make my wife; and if you——"

At this point Agatha interrupted him. "The flowers need no voice to tell me how good a friend you are to me, Mr. Davenport. I know it, and I value your friendship too highly to wish to exchange it for any other sentiment. Do let us always be friends; do not think of any other possibility; for I do assure you there is none. I shall never marry. I have resolved that I will live and die a spinster."

At this moment Mrs. Belcher appeared from behind the screen as though she would like to retreat, but that was not possible, as Agatha immediately addressed her. Then Mrs. Belcher said, "I was looking for you, Mr. Davenport, to beg you to add your persuasions to mine to induce Miss Lee to remain for the assembly."

"I do not flatter myself that I have any influence with Miss Lee. I have asked her once, and she refused me," he replied.

"Then ask her twice, for women always refuse the first time; that is proverbial, you know," said Mrs. Belcher, with mischief in her eyes.

In vain Agatha gave an appealing look, accompanied by a slight frown. Mrs. Belcher continued:

"I have quite set my heart upon having Miss Lee remain for the assembly, and she cannot be so hard-hearted, I am sure, as to refuse our united entreaties. Can't you offer her some inducement to stay? Yourself, for instance. Pray do, Mr. Davenport."

"I have reasons to think she would not consider that any inducement," he answered, his face rivalling his moustache in color, while Agatha blushed to the roots of her hair. Then, and not until then, did Mrs. Belcher take in the full meaning of the *tete-a-tete* that she had interrupted. Mr. Davenport arose, and Agatha, giving him her hand, said:

"I never say no when I mean yes; but you have been too kind to me, and you too, Edith, for me to refuse any request that I can grant so easily as this one of staying for the assembly. We will consider it a settled thing that I remain."

Mr. Davenport stammered out a few words of thanks, but in such an embarrassed way that it was a relief to have him take his departure.

The next morning, at the breakfast-table, Mrs Belcher tried to chaff Agatha a little about the accident.

"I overheard you telling Mr. Davenport that you were going to live and die a spinster, which information you surely would not have given him if he had not proposed to make you his wife. Naughty Agatha! how could you refuse a man who has such a pedigree, such a 'rent roll,' and last, but not least, such a heart?"

"Do not call me to account for a sin that I have never committed," she answered.

"I wish some one would call you to account for the sin of advocating Platonic love," said Mrs. Belcher. "But some day you will meet your fate, and then we will see the result."

At the mention of Platonic love Agatha's face flushed.

"I do not deny that I have been a believer in Platonic love, but I am one no longer. I hate the word now," she said, speaking with her usual candor.

"Just listen, John," said Mrs. Belcher. "This revelation of Agatha's is as good as a confession. She has trusted to some naughty man's Platonic love and found it a sham."

"That is what all Platonic love is," he answered. "It is all counterfeit, all spurious. It is contrary to the laws of nature. There is but one kind of love between men and women—one kind, that every other kind runs into, if it is left to run its own way. Women may for a time believe in Platonic affection, but no man does. The woman who plays with it is like one walking over a quicksand towards a mirage that she sees beyond it—she may be swallowed up by the quicksand before she discovers that it is but a mirage that she is in pursuit of."

Agatha made no reply, but Mrs. Belcher said:

"How severe you are, John, upon poor, innocent Platonic love!"

"It is the reverse of innocent," he answered with warmth; "it is the wolf in sheep's clothing of this day and generation; it is a humbug that ought to be exploded before society is undermined and exploded by it. Show me the married man, or the married woman, who advocates the doctrine, and I will show you one who is untrue to marriage vows in the spirit, if not in the letter."

After a moment's pause in the conversation, abruptly changing the subject, Mr. Belcher said:

"Edith, did you know that the Barbers had a party last night?"

"Not a party; several who were here last evening told me that they found it very difficult to get away from her little dance."

"But why did you not ask them here? I thought Mr. Barber had rather claimed Miss Lee as sort of relation."

"A very distant one. It never occurred to me to ask them, for Mrs. Barber and I are not in the least sympathetic. Surely you have not forgotten the dinner that I gave for her married sister, Mrs. March of Boston, the first year that we lived here, and how the very next year, when Emma Appleton, her sister's friend, was staying with me, she gave as large a party as we had last night, and we were all left out. Since then I have not invited them, for although I give people the same latitude that I take myself when we are alone concerned, I could not overlook such a want of courtesy to my friend."

"But possibly she may not have liked Miss Appleton," suggested Mr. Belcher.

"Then she should not have accepted my invitation to meet her in my opera-box only the week before, as she did. No, it was a direct cut to Emma, and the child felt it. Agatha, did you know that the Traceys have got their divorce, and that people are already talking about Mrs. Tracey marrying again?"

"How can people get divorced so easily?" asked Agatha.

"Money and influence can do anything in these days; they say that there was no trouble in the case, as one seemed as anxious as the other to be free. But the drollest part of it is that everyone thought she would marry Paul Howard—but it seems she absolutely refused to have any communication with him, and that his partner was obliged to hold all the necessary interviews with her."

"And yet people said they had eloped; she and Paul Howard, I mean. Do you not remember, Edith, that you told me so when I first came here?"

"Yes, and it is another lesson not to believe all that one hears. I wonder that we ever believe anything, when we find that we have been taken in so often. What are you going to wear to the assembly? I wish you to look your very best."

"Shall I tell you what to wear?" asked Mr. Belcher. "At least shall I tell you the color that suits you best?"

"I did not know you knew one color from another," answered Agatha. "I will be glad to hear your views; but I think I will have to wear a pale *lilas rose* with a Valenciennes over-skirt, for it is the only fresh gown that I have left."

"Rose is your color, and I daresay the lilac will have the same effect. It goes marvellously well with your hair, skin, and eyes."

"Well, I declare, John! I think you must be smitten with Agatha. You have never said so much to me in all our married life. Agatha, I am glad that your dream of Platonic love is ended, for really I should feel anxious about my husband if it were not. You are a dangerous person to have around."

"How can you talk so absurdly?" said Agatha.

"Not so very absurdly, after all I heard last evening. Do you know, my dear, that you have the credit of having bewitched Carroll Tracey with those wonderful eyes of yours? He told some one that you had the eyes of a prophetess."

"I never heard that a prophetess bewitched anyone," answered Agatha, with an attempt at calmness that it was difficult to sustain with such a tumult within as Mrs. Belcher's words had awakened. She felt as if a bomb shell had exploded at her feet; but so entirely did she retain her self-possession that her friend never suspected the force of the shaft she had sent.

The night of the assembly ball came around. It was delayed that year until the Easter holidays; and the weather was most propitious; not too warm to dance with comfort and pleasure; nor yet too cold to prevent enjoyment of a promenade through corridors lined with odorous acacia and citron plants, the green branches of which were laden with flowers. Great pains had been taken to prepare the ball-room in the way of decorations and embellishments, exceeding those of any previous year, and to make it as worthy as possible of the fair matrons and charming belles who were to assemble there upon this occasion. The result was all that could be desired.

Between nine and ten o'clock carriages rolled swiftly up to the Locust Street door of the Opera House, and after setting down their occupants, as swiftly rolled away. The dressing-room was soon filled to overflowing, the lights sparkled and flashed, and flooded the ball-room; the music undulated in long waves of harmony; the hot-house plants that concealed the musicians, and that lined the corridors, gave out voluptuous odors, and enlivened by their blooming beauty the scene that was soon to be one whirl of rushing gaiety—a grand carnival of pleasure. The current as last set toward the doors of entrance; and then, what a stream of blooming matrons, lovely girls, and well-dressed, distinguished-looking men swelled the tide! To the strain of an inspiriting march the assemblage pursued its promenade, here and there a few falling off to occupy some nook for a *tete-a-tete*, or for the purpose of securing seats from which they could enjoy the brilliant scene at their leisure. Then the band broke into one of Strauss's delicious waltzes, and the promenading ceased.

Mr. Barber was the first to ask Agatha for a dance. Her gown was exquisitely becoming, and she had never looked to better advantage than when she with Mr. Barber—who well knew how to hold his partner—had floated off together. Mrs. Barber, who was a *ci-devant* New York belle, with flossy blonde hair, phosphorescent eyes, and white glistening teeth that were for ever visible from behind her short upper lip, was standing near, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Marston, a middle-aged beau, who, in his search for a wife, had never yet been able to find a woman sufficiently perfect to meet his ideas; but as Agatha swept past, he exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Who is that queenly creature waltzing with your husband?"

"Do you call her queenly? I think she is very commonplace."

"*Au contraire*; she is of a most uncommon style; her neck and arms are the most delicious pieces of flesh and blood I have ever had the good fortune to see. Commonplace! why she is a Juno, a perfect goddess! Do you know who she is?"

"Oh yes, she is a Yankee, whose grandfather made some money and removed his family to New York to spend it, old Ashbel Lee; I daresay you have heard of him, he left an enormous fortune," she said, a wicked light dancing in her eyes.

"I do not care about her grandfather, but herself. What is her name? Is Lee her father's or her mother's name?

"Her father's. Her name is Agatha Lee. She is staying with those horrid Belchers—such vulgar, pushing people that I do not have anything to do with them. Miss Lee is not considered the least of a belle, or a beauty either in New York; but she is rather striking looking, is she not? You know she is the one who had an affair with Carroll Tracey that ended in his wife's getting a divorce from him."

"On the contrary, it was he who got the divorce; and his wife gave him cause to get it, if all that is said of her is true. She is going to marry Paul Howard, I hear."

"I do not know about that; but I do know that Carroll Tracey has been over here to see Miss Lee since she has been staying with the Belchers. She is very sly, I fancy. Still water run deep, you know."

"Mrs. Belcher is a distant connection of mine. I must ask her what foundation there is for such a story; if there is none it ought to be nipped in the bud; and I shall avail myself of my relationship to ask for an introduction at the same time. I have been in New Orleans the last month, or I should have known sooner that Miss Lee was staying with her."

Mrs. Barber, thoroughly discomfited by hearing that Mr. Marston was a connection of Mrs. Belcher's, after the remark she had made about them, scarcely knew what to say; but espying Mr. Dexter and Mrs. Barlow near, she turned the conversation upon them. Her heightened color alone revealed the annoyance that she experienced at her mistake. "Look at Mrs. Barlow; what she can see in that man to fancy is more than I can divine, yet you see that something serious is going on."

Mr. Marston looked in the direction indicated, and espied Mrs. Barlow and Mr. Dexter apparently quite absorbed in each other. The Dexters were old friends of Mr. Marston, and when a gentleman came up to claim Mrs. Barber for a dance, Mr. Marston looked around for the wife; feeling sure she was in the range of vision, for the reason that she never failed under any circumstances to keep an eye on her husband. He was successful; and joining her, was soon enlightened with regards to the merits of the various toilettes that were worn on the occasion; for Mrs. Dexter had the eye of a connoisseur, or *couturiere*, for deciding which were new, and which were renovated for the occasion. At last Agatha came under her scrutinising gaze.

"That is a new gown that Agatha Lee has on; brand new, I am sure of that. Her father is said to be worth a mint of money, and she has a new one for every ball. You know whom I mean, don't you? The New Yorker, who is staying with Mrs. Belcher. She really looks handsome to-night. Mr. Dexter and Mr. Lee are great friends."

"I never saw her before to-night, but to my eyes she is the handsomest woman in the room, taking figure as well as face into consideration; and yet, she is not what would be called a beauty; but she has the eyes of a Sibyl, and a form that would make the fortune of a sculptor if he did but copy it."

When forms came under discussion, Mrs. Dexter looked uneasily in the direction of Mrs. Barlow and her husband, reminded of her by the fact that she possessed a figure very much admired by men, while her own was not moulded after that of a Venus. She caught such an interchange of glances between them as to thoroughly discompose her; and bravely determining to put an end to the flirtation, she asked Mr. Marston to take her to her husband.

They also seemed to have been discussing Agatha, for as Mrs. Dexter approached them, leaning on Mr. Marston's arm, Mrs. Barlow, after the first greetings, said:

"We have just been saying how lovely Agatha Lee looks to-night. She has a different look in her face; some change has come over her. Until now, she has always seemed to me like one of those fabled beings who are born without a heart, or without a soul, or without something, whatever it is, that does not come to them until they love or are beloved, which is it?"

"I have never found her wanting either in heart or soul. She is not the least of a flirt, and has never had her name coupled with that of any man, which is a most unusual thing in this day," replied Mrs. Dexter, intending to be very severe.

"How much amusement she must have lost!" rejoined Mrs. Barlow. "Some one has said that the sinners have the best time in this world, and the saints in the next, so I suppose she will have her good time hereafter."

"If I were to venture an opinion," said Mr. Marston, "I would say that she looks as though she were equally removed from the one and the other. 'A creature not too wise nor good for human nature's daily food.' I would be willing to wager that it was just such a kind of woman of whom Steele said that to have loved her was a liberal education."

"Why Marston, I never knew you so enthusiastic about a woman before," said Mr. Dexter.

"I beg your pardon; I am always enthusiastic over a beautiful woman, a beautiful painting, or any beautiful work, whether of nature or of art. In fact I am always in love; and I console myself for my folly by remembering that Thackeray said that without love he could fancy no gentleman."

"You talk in this way, and yet, there you stand, yourself an evidence of the hollowness of your professions; for are you not a bachelor?" laughed Mrs. Barlow.

"I am not to blame, madam, that I am not a married man. It is my misfortune, not my fault. No woman has ever offered to marry me, and I am too conscious of my own unworthiness to offer myself to any woman. How could I be presumptuous?"

They all joined in the laugh that followed Mr. Marston's announcement, Mrs. Dexter exclaiming:

"You certainly have the merit of being original."

"Not at all, for it is my theory that this is why so many men remain unmarried. Believe me, there is more modesty among men than you think. They are boys, not men, whom you hear declaiming that society is swarming with girls ready to marry them. My experience has been that it is the other way, swarming with men trying to marry the girls; and that the trouble is that, like myself, they wish to marry too many of them at the same time to be willing to settle down with one. Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Barlow?"

"I think it is very naughty of you, Mr. Marston, to advance such principles. There are a good many disciples of Bichat in these days. You know he says that love is a sort of fever which does not last over two years."

"*Un caprice enflamme par des obstacles*," quoted Mr. Marston.

"But then all temperaments are not the same. Because some men are born with fickle temperaments, I do not lose my faith in constancy. There are still as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, to my thinking."

"Only they do not bite as often," answered Mr. Marston with a quizzical smile.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dexter had edged around to the side of her husband, and they had been indulging in a short conjugal *tete-a-tete*.

"It is disgusting to see how this woman fastens herself upon you," said Mrs. Dexter. It was one of her virtues that she never fancied her husband to be the aggressor; it was always the women who were after him.

"I beg that you will be careful what you say. You will be overheard," he answered.

"Mrs. Dexter continued, determination in her eyes and mien, "I am not going to have her devotion to you made a topic of conversation. If you take her to supper to-night, I will order a carriage and go home."

"I shall be very sorry to have you go without your supper, but having already invited her, I shall be compelled to remain."

"She having already invited you, you mean!"

This was the true state of the case, Mrs. Barlow having intimated in broad terms her hopes in that quarter, but Mr. Dexter was too much of a gentleman to admit such a possibility, and he replied:

"I mean just what I say, Emily; and I advise you not to interfere in such matters."

A lull in the dancing gave opportunity for another promenade, and Mr. Dexter offered his arm to Mrs. Barlow and walked away. They found a shaded little recess in one of the corridors, and Mrs. Barlow, always ready to "improve each shining hour," gave herself up to the sentimental, looking quite ready to glide into the tender; when again, Mrs. Dexter hove in sight, all sails set, and seemingly determined to carry all before her.

"Mrs. Barlow will you allow Mr. Dexter to take me to my carriage?" she said, looking as though she expected opposition.

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure in the world, provided you do not keep him too long. He has promised to take me to supper. You know what Philadelphia suppers are, Mrs Dexter, and I should be inconsolable if deprived of mine for want of an escort."

Mrs. Dexter felt, as she afterwards told her husband, "as if she could put a pin in the creature's neck," but not to be outdone in seeming civility, she answered:

"I am sure there is no danger of Mrs. Barlow's ever being left without an escort. She understands too well how to secure them."

It was not Mrs. Dexter's fault if Mrs. Barlow put a wrong construction upon these words.

Mr. Dexter, excusing himself, took his wife to the dressing-room, where, however, matters were so amicably arranged, that they were both enabled to enjoy Augustine's famous croquettes and delicious terrapin, to say nothing of the Roederer, with which the managers of the assemblies regale those who attend their charmingly appointed fetes. One may travel over the world and return without finding another town or city, where the suppers can vie with those given at Philadelphia balls; and though one should pursue researches for more charming women, or for girls with more beauty, equally fair, they will return to give the palm to the Quaker city.

Mrs. Barlow felt just a little piqued when she saw Mrs. Dexter returning; but not so much so that she failed to enjoy her supper. Refusing to go down to the supper room, she implored Mr. Dexter to bring her supper to her. Accordingly, he left her for that purpose, returning with a plate laden with eatables in each hand, a napkin over his arm, a bottle of champagne under it, and two glasses peeping out from his waistcoat. While absorbed in their supper, to the extent of being regardless of their opportunity to pursue their flirtation unmolested by any fears of Mrs. Dexter's undertaking a reconnoissance, they heard the sound of voices from beyond the screen of plants where they were seated.

"Who is her partner? Davenport, I daresay. I thought he would lead the cotillion with her."

"Not a bit of it. French leads with Mrs. Barber. I do not know how true it is, but I hear that Davenport has gone home—that he got into a row with French."

"I saw him looking like a big thunder cloud, or rather, as if he had that ancestral rope of his around his neck, and was on his way to be hung, edging himself through the crowd in the lobby, just before supper. What has gone wrong with him, I wonder?"

"I can't vouch for the truth of what I tell you, but I heard he had taken offence at something French had said about Miss Lee. I believe she was mixed up with the Traceys and their divorce in some way."

Then the voices grew more distant and died away.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny," quoted Mrs. Barlow.

"So Davenport is another victim, is he?" said Mr. Dexter. "As well as I like Miss Lee I cannot understand how such a cold, unimpressionable, statuesque woman can make the impression that she seems to make on men. Now, Mrs. Belcher with whom Miss Lee is staying, is a woman to make a man feel as though he would give ten years of his life to get a kiss from her."

"Fie! fie! I am ashamed of you. What would Mrs. Dexter say to hear such a sentiment from your lips?"

"I do not propose to distress Mrs. Dexter with any such sentiments, I have too great a regard for her peace of mind, and —ahem! for mine also."

"But do you really prefer blondes? I think they always have such namby-pamby look-s?" asked Mrs. Barlow.

"They look as though they could let their husbands rule if it came to the point as to which should be master."

"But no clever woman would allow matters to come to such a sharp point as that would be. You know what the poet says about seeming to obey? Men are beautifully managed when they assert their power and claim it as their right on all occasions. Their wives are sure to deceive them. The true secret of happy matrimonial alliances is never to preach obedience and submission, and all that sort of humbug, but to let life go on as it should with mutual concessions. Ah well, it is easier to preach than to practise; but I often feel that if I had had but half a chance, I would have been a very different woman. As it is, 'I know the right, and still the wrong pursue!'" Mrs. Barlow sighed as she spoke, and something very like tears glistened in her eyes.

"This is a new *role* for you," said Mr. Dexter, who never had much to do with sentiment, excepting when he turned it to his own use in others. She saw the look of amusement that flitted over his face.

"Do you fancy that I never have any serious moments nor any hours in which I loathe my life, and wish that excitement were not as necessary to me as stimulating drinks to the inebriate?"

"Don't get on to that strain. It does not pay; life is short, make the best of it," answered Mr. Dexter.

"But I am making the worst of it, and am fully conscious that it is so. However, I shall not trouble you with my moralising. Fill up my glass, and we will drink death to the blues. What is Cilly Apthorpe doing—groping about those chairs so long?"

"I daresay he is arranging his seats for the cotillion."

"He is taking time enough to do it. Here comes Mr. Marston."

"This is the second time I have seen him reconnoitering. He does not see us, but evidently his eye is on Apthorpe."

Just then, Apthorpe crossed over, and disappeared through one of the doorways that led into the lobby; and Mr. Marston, who had been standing at the farther door, watching his movements, walked to the chairs, and examined separately each card attached to them. Presently, there was a movement among the human parterre of flowers that filled the staircase, terrace upon terrace—it was as if a summer breeze had blown over beds of blossoms, rippling their variegated petals; gossamer folds swayed here and there, ribbons like tendrils, fluttered in and out; the rose-buds and lilies, and pansies, the violets and snow drops and daffodils floated up as if borne onwards by the breeze; followed closely by the maturer dahlias, Queen Margarets, gorgeous tropical flowers, in almost endless array, until once more the ball-room was ablaze with beauty as well as flashing light.

The cotillion was about commencing.

Nearly all were seated, excepting Agatha, who was to dance with Mr. Bartholomew, he having come over from New York for the purpose of attending the ball. She was standing quite alone in front of a group, and her partner endeavoring to discover which particular chairs were those that he had selected before going down for supper. Mr. Bartholomew, at first perfectly cool and self-possessed, was now getting a little flushed and excited, when his attention was arrested by a smothered laugh near him. Looking around, he saw a lady with her handkerchief pressed to her face dividing her glances between Agatha and himself. Agatha observed it also, but instead of disconcerting her, it only increased that frigidity of manner, which many called haughtiness, as she walked to the first empty chair and sat down. No duchess could have carried herself with a stateller air.

"Will you allow me to look at the card on your chair?" said Mr Bartholomew, addressing the partner of the damsel whose amusement at his discomfiture had betrayed her breeding; for that it was anything more than that, never entered Mr. Bartholomew's mind.

"Certainly," and the young man immediately arose and showed a card on which was written, "C. Apthorpe."

"It is very strange, very strange indeed. I am quite sure that I chose these very seats, as being directly opposite the principal entrance door. Why, Apthorpe, you were with me when I attached my card."

"Really, I was so occupied with my own that I did not look to see where you took yours. Probably a little farther on."

So a little farther on to the right, and a little farther on to the left, Bartholomew searched, but in vain. Then he appealed to Mr. French, as the leader of the cotillion. Mr. French positively could not help him, for so many more had already applied to him for seats than the room would accommodate. Agatha motioned to him, saying when he joined her, "I really do not care to dance to-night; do not give yourself any farther trouble, unless you will be disappointed." He gave her his arm, and they crossed the room, and were about passing out to the corridor when one of his acquaintances called to him.

"Where are you going? Here are your seats. I took mine expressly to be next to Miss Lee."

Mr. Bartholomew could scarcely believe his eyes. It was like a feat in legerdemain. There, in the remotest possible corner from the seats he had chosen, half hidden from sight by a jutting column, were two unoccupied chairs with his card attached to them. They took their places as quietly as if everything had been as they had desired; for Mr. Bartholomew was too much of a gentleman to make a scene in the presence of ladies, no matter how great the provocation.

Many times during the cotillion, gentlemen wishing to take Miss Lee out, went to Mrs. Belcher to ask where she had hidden herself.

Mrs. Belcher felt vexed with Mr. Bartholomew for having made such a bad choice of seats; and she so expressed herself to Mr. Marston the following morning, when he came to call upon Miss Lee, telling her that he had vainly tried to find her and have himself presented after the supper. Mr. Marston said.

"I assure you Mr. Bartholomew was not in the least to blame. I myself saw him choose his seats before supper; and he took them opposite one of the entrance doors, near those of the leader. The same chairs were occupied by Mr. Apthorpe and Miss Toady."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Belcher. "Are you quite sure of that?" her face flushing as she spoke.

"Perfectly sure."

Here Agatha spoke.

"I did not tell you of my adventure last night, Edith. Our chairs were changed, and I was quite unsuspicious of any rudeness until I caught Miss Toady's eye, and the sound of her suppressed merriment. Then I sat down by Mrs. Barber, for I knew that laugh meant mischief. She was all smiles, but still as I looked in her eyes while answering some remark she made to me, I thought of Geraldine's snake-like eyes, in Coleridge's poem, you know, and the conviction came to me that if there was any plot to deprive us of our seats she was in it."

"Why did you not tell me of this sooner?"

"I did not think it was worth mentioning. Besides, I knew it would annoy you, and I hoped you would never hear of it."

Mrs. Belcher turned to Mr. Marston.

"Did you ever hear of such an unprovoked and abominable rudeness?—to a stranger, too!"

"No, I admit that I never did; but Miss Lee has only herself to thank for it. Had she been less attractive, no one would have wished to put her out of sight. 'Out of sight out of mind,'—pardon me for quoting a proverb—but it expresses the object to be gained by the rudeness, I fancy."

"The insult was not meant for Miss Lee; it was intended to touch me through my guest, and she has succeeded. I never knew before what it is to feel vindictive; and I must confess it is not a comfortable feeling."

Other visitors were announced, and Mrs. Belcher found an opportunity to say a few words to Mr. Marston, that were meant only for his ear. In return for the confidence thus reposed in him, Mr. Marston gave her a caution in reference to the possibility of rumors reaching her, connecting Miss Lee's name with Carroll Tracey's, in order that she might be prepared to meet them.

At first Mrs. Belcher was disposed to deny such a possibility, as well as resent its having been broached; but after Mr. Marston had detailed his reasons, she saw the danger.

"It is diabolical!" she exclaimed.

"It is devilish, *passez moi le mot*," he answered; "but that is what pretty women come into the world for—to be slandered. It is the penalty they must pay for being attractive. After all, you used the right word when you said diabolical, for in Greek this word stands for calumniator."

"As I said before, I am not vindictive, Mr. Marston. My religion consists in trying to do unto others as I would have them do unto me, rather than in being subservient to creeds and dogmas; but this experience, touching me through my friend as it could not have done had it been any rudeness shown to myself, determines me to know the pleasure of revenge for once in my life. I would like to see that woman humiliated in some way, and to have it in my power to show her in her humiliation the contempt that I feel for her."

"Everything comes to those who know how to wait," replied Mr. Marston.

"Yes; and *viva bien qui rira le dernier*."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

All's Well that Ends Well.

BY J. E. S.

It was about twelve o'clock on a hot June morning that a solitary individual walked quickly across the Cathedral Close of Ministerbury. His name was Walter Bridgeman; he was rich, good-looking, and a gentleman farmer, living a few miles from Ministerbury.

Passing under an archway, and turning a corner, he stopped at the open door of an old half-timbered lodge, which, seeming to have some cause of offence against the Close, had turned its back upon it. He wiped his face and rang the bell.

"Yes, Miss Lottie was at home. Would Mr. Bridgeman please walk into the drawing-room?"

The maid did not think it necessary to precede him, for he was intimate at the house, and knew it and its eccentricities well. With stern determination in his countenance he mounted the oak staircase, strode along a dark passage, went up two steps and down one, and found himself in the presence of Miss Lottie.

She really was a very handsome girl. Her dress was pale blue, her golden hair was arranged in a new and becoming fashion.

Walter thought he had never seen her look so beautiful, and it is certain he had never before felt so nervous.

I must now remark upon the strong propensity there is in the fairer portion of the human race to urge their fellow-creatures into matrimony, and that quite irrespective of their own experiences in that line. Walter had been persuaded by his sisters and friends that he was in love with Lottie Patison. He had not really been acquainted with her more than a few weeks, though he had known her brother, a young doctor, and her eldest sister, two or three years.

The Patisons had been left orphans and poorly provided for. The son succeeded to his father's practice, and Kitty kept house for him. Lottie had been educated in France at the expense of an uncle, with a view of earning her own living as a governess, but had since her return been living with him in town. She was only on a visit to her brother.

"How nice of you to call on such a hot day, Mr. Bridgeman," she said languidly, holding out her hand. "I wonder you were not afraid of sunstroke."

Walter murmured something about urgent reasons for coming, and that the heat was of no consequence.

A long pause.

"I do believe he's come to propose," thought Lottie. "I wonder wherever he plucked up the courage. How dreadfully tiresome! for it's impossible to give him an answer at present."

"I don't think you look at all well, Mr. Bridgeman," she said, sympathetically. "When people are out of sorts they are apt to dwell upon unpleasant subjects. You should banish it from your mind."

"It is not unpleasant, Miss Lottie. I don't wish to banish it. It is very near to my heart—very near, indeed—and I want to consult *you* about it," he said, taking courage and trying a tender glance, but breaking down and blushing violently.

"Consult me!" replied Lottie, with a silvery laugh. "Ah! I have found it out! It is Ellen Fenton, after all; and knowing she and I are such friends, you want me to find out what her feelings are! Why are you so shy, Mr. Bridgeman?"

"Miss Lottie, I assure you——"

"Why don't you ask her at once? She's a very nice girl, and has a little money, though you," with a sigh, "have never felt the want of it."

"I hate money, Miss Lottie. If I marry, it will be a girl without a penny—without a single farthing——"

A loud ring at the door bell interrupted his eloquence.

"Captain Durham," thought Lottie. "Thank goodness."

"A note, Miss, from Captain Durham," said the maid, with a smile, as Walter hastily dropped the hand he had seized in his fervor. "He says will you please read it at once."

"You won't mind, as it is so very urgent?" said Lottie, winningly, and she read:

"My Dear Miss Patison:

Our little misunderstanding last night has made me wretched, and the glimpse I caught of a certain person has added jealousy to other unpleasant feelings. I must have a few moments' conversation with you alone. We could meet perhaps accidentally in the Minister Fields this evening about seven.

Ever Yours,
C. D."

"He is really in earnest then," thought Lottie, her color rising, and she re-read the letter, forgetting that Walter Bridgeman was waiting.

"Miss Patison," he said at last, "I will wish you a pleasant good morning. I daresay Captain Durham's note requires an answer."

"No; but perhaps it may be better to send a line," said Lottie, rather startled by the stern tone and absence of shyness in her admirer. "But we can have our little talk another time. You're sure you don't think me rude?"

"Not in the least, Miss Lottie; but I will not bother you again. I wish you a good morning."

And he left.

He felt angry, but not so bad as might have been expected.

"'Oh! had I but Aladdin's lamp,
Though only for a day,'"

in a clear, sweet voice from the garden, made him turn from the front door to one at the opposite end of the hall.

Seated on a rustic bench, under a gray old apple tree, was Kitty Patison, with a work-basket by her side, mending the family stockings.

A flush passed over Walter's face; he waited till the song was over, and then joined her.

"Industrious, as usual, Miss Kitty," he said. "'It should be May, and always May.' Such a day as this one could wish it were."

"But May has east winds," replied Kitty.

"Yes, indeed; all seasons bring their troubles," responded the young man, with a lengthening visage, as he remembered his own.

"I hope this season has no special one for you?" said Kitty, kindly.

Walter placed the work-basket on the grass, and took its place.

"Miss Kitty, is it pleasant to be made a fool of?"

"Not at all, I should say," answered Kitty.

"I have been made one," said Walter.

"May I ask by whom?" she replied, a little nervously.

"By your sister."

"You must not say so of Lottie, Mr. Bridgeman."

"Listen, Kitty. You are the most sensible girl I know, and have given me good advice over and over again. I'll make a clean breast of it all. My reason for driving over this morning was to make your sister Charlotte an offer of marriage."

"Well?" said Kitty, with a pained expression.

"You know what a horribly shy fellow I am. She kept putting me off and off, and I couldn't get a word in. Then a note came from Durham, and I'm really convinced, Kitty, she's in love with him, though she has pretended to like me. The only thing she *really* liked in me was my money."

"You wrong her very much," said Kitty, with heightened color, vexed that she could not conscientiously say much in defence of her sister's conduct.

Walter cogitated for some time, and then glanced at Kitty. She was far from unpleasant, as she bent over the stocking, the light flickering through the leaves on her holland dress. His glance changed into a look of more than mere approval, as he noted the neat arrangement of the soft brown hair, the sprig of mignonette in her belt, the pale-pink bow which fastened her collar.

"I shouldn't like to have any one marry me only for my money," he said at last, sadly.

"Why should you think they would?" replied Kitty. "Why cannot you believe you might be married for yourself? You think your money tempted Lottie, because we are poor. We may be orphans, and dependent, but we have *some* pride."

Her eyes filled with tears, she folded up her socks and prepared to go.

"Sit down again, Kitty," said Walter, taking her hand, "and listen one moment. I don't like to be married for money, but I did hope my money would help me to make you all happier. I thought as much of you as of Lottie; John might wish to marry, you know, and then you could have lived with us. But the fact is, I've been a most egregious idiot. A mist has cleared from my eyes, and I've found who I *do* love. It is you, Kitty, and always has been! Don't laugh; I am very serious."

"So I see," laughed Kitty, tears running down her cheeks.

"Then, dear Kitty, say you will be my wife."

"But what about marrying for money?" said Kitty.

"No one could dream of such a thing in your case."

"And then you have only just thought of me?"

"You have been continually in my thoughts."

"And you drove over to propose to Lottie?"

"So I did. I thought I ought to have done so, but I did not know my own mind. I do now."

"I must think over it. Perhaps in time——"

"Kitty, we have been friends for three years. I do think you like me, and will do everything a man can to make you happy. Now, say yes—do——"

"Well, then—yes."

Half an hour later Lottie joined them to say lunch was ready.

"Congratulate me, Lottie," said Walter, without the least shyness, and drawing Kitty to him. "We are to be brother and sister."

Lottie looked from one to the other in blank astonishment, but rallied sufficiently to kiss her sister, and turn her cheek to Walter.

"So, after all," thought she, "it was only to consult me about Kitty! What a mistake I might have made! Well, I can accept Captain Durham now with a clear conscience."

But though Captain Durham and Lottie walked and talked together for more than an hour that evening, in the Minister fields, he did not propose.

TWO YEARS WEDDED.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

Kate Vernon had been scarcely two years wedded, when her aunt, with whom she had formerly lived, and from whose house she had married, came to spend the winter with her.

Mrs. Beverly had not been long with her niece before she saw, or thought she saw, that things were not going right with the young couple. Kate often looked as if she had been crying. Her happy expression and fresh color had disappeared. On his part, Mr. Vernon was strangely silent and moody. After the first few evenings, too, he began to absent himself.

It was on one of these occasions that the wife broached the subject that had often been on her lips since her aunt's arrival.

"I suppose I ought to apologize, aunty?" she began, with some confusion.

"Apologize, my child! What for?"

"For Edward's going out and leaving us alone so much. I know you think it strange. It isn't a bit like what he used to be."

"Perhaps he has business which calls him from his home oftener than usual," returned her aunt, not wishing to acknowledge that she certainly saw that Kate's husband was not so attentive to his wife as she could wish.

"I think not, aunt. I know of no business that should make him absent himself from home so much as he has done of late; besides, he is not so loving and kindly now. I wish, indeed, business was the cause."

Here the young wife burst into tears.

It was a relief to her to have made her confession. She had been miserably unhappy for a long while; and now she flung herself on her aunt's bosom, and wept as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Beverly drew the poor child to her heart, and kissed her again and again.

"I have seen you have been unhappy ever since I came here," she said, after a pause. "But I have seen, also, that the cause is one easily corrected——"

"Oh, no, no!" interrupted the young wife. "Edward doesn't care for me any more. He goes out almost every evening, as he has done to-night—he who never could stay one evening away before we were married."

"Kate, my child," said her aunt seriously, "you say your husband does not love you. You quote his going out of evenings as a proof of it. I admit the neglect." Kate winced. "But is there no cause for it? You used to be, my dear, scrupulously neat in your attire. I do not say you are now untidy. But there is a very great difference, as I plainly see, between the way in which you come down to breakfast now, and that in which you used to at my house. There, your face was always fresh, your hair nicely arranged, your collar unwrinkled, your gown spotless. Now, I grieve to say, my darling, things are very different; and what is worse than carelessness in dress even, your countenance is, sometimes, the least bit sour."

Kate, during this plain speech, had gradually ceased sobbing; and now, with her hands holding back her hair, was starting up into her excellent aunt's face, half in anger, half in astonishment and dismay.

"Sour! I didn't know, it!" she exclaimed. "Are you sure? Oh! it's when Edward has been scolding me."

"Scolding you, my dear? Edward don't look like a man who would scold."

"Well, he's jealous of baby; he looks at it often; and he as good as says it sometimes. He has even hinted, once or twice, that, since baby was born, I don't care as much about my—my good looks—as I used to do. That's the way of them all, I suppose—they marry us for our beauty, and when our health fails, then they blame—blame us for it."

"My child," answered Mrs. Beverly kindly, too much in earnest to smile, as she would have done if it had been 'anybody else, "I think you are unfair to Edward. Certainly there is nothing in your state of health to spoil your good looks. You are, or might be, far prettier than when you married. A very little more attention to your dress would render you more attractive than ever."

"But I'm sure I love Edward just as much as ever," said Kate, looking up, her large eyes dilated with surprise and a little indignation. "And it's very unjust of him to think I don't, because of baby." And then she burst into tears again.

"Perhaps he is a little to blame, my dear," said her aunt, kissing her. "What I say is, that it is not so very strange he should feel hurt. Consider! Love is to be judged, like everything else, by its works. If Edward finds you no longer paying any attention to your personal appearance, if he sees that you take offence when he hints that he would like you to dress as you used to, is it absolutely cruel, or even unnatural, on his part, that he should think you hardly can love him as you used to love him? He reasons, remember, that, if you did, you would have some regard for his comfort. And further, if baby is made the excuse for this, he becomes, not exactly jealous of baby, but occasionally the least bit cross."

Much of this had its effect on Kate, who, after all, was a sensible, kind-hearted woman.

"But what must I do?" she whispered, her face hidden in her aunt's lap.

"Come down to breakfast to-morrow in your neatest dress, and with your hair nicely arranged. Do not be late, as you have been. Get up in time to have the baby off your hands. Be as cheerful and pleasant to Edward as if nothing had ever happened. Let the last few weeks be ignored entirely. Meet him in the evening in your freshest attire, and have everything about the room cheerful; if you can, let there be something for dinner to show you remember his likings, and are thoughtful for his comfort and happiness. Why, my dear, it is the easiest thing for a wife to retain a husband's love. If she will only show the same interest in him that she exhibited for the lover, all will be well."

"But what of baby the meantime?" asked the young mother.

"You have the whole day, darling to devote to baby; and surely that is enough. The little fellow is a dear, sweet child; but you must not let him monopolize all your time. Only be your old self for one week, and your truant will be won back again."

Kate took her aunt's advice. The next morning she was down before her husband; had seen that the breakfast-table was perfect in all its arrangements; and had even ordered the cook to prepare Edward's favorite dish, as a little surprise to him. Edward saw, with half-concealed astonishment, the brighter look of things; gave one quick glance at his wife; flushed with gratification; and fell at once into something of his old lover-like manner. Certainly, Kate had never seemed lovelier.

"You are as fresh-looking as a June rose, my dear," said her aunt, kissing her, when Edward had left for his office. "The battle is half won already, I see."

That evening was quite like old times. Kate welcomed her husband in the hall with a kiss. The hearth was swept up; there was a little vase of flowers on the sideboard, and Edward's favorite magazine, which had come that day, was ready cut for him. The dinner, too, was excellent. There was no going out. Part of the time was spent in cheerful talk, and part in reading aloud. The husband could not keep his eyes off his pretty wife. In the loveliest of blue dresses, and with her color heightened by many emotions, Kate looked more beautiful, he thought, than even in the days of their courtship.

What commenced so favorably, went on happily ever after.

"I can never thank you enough, aunt, for your advice," said Kate, kissing Mrs. Beverly enthusiastically, when the latter was leaving, at the end of her visit. "Your coming was a real blessing. How long Edward and I should have gone on, at cross-purposes, loving each other in spite of all, perhaps, but still getting more and more unhappy, I cannot tell; probably all our lives. And if so"——And here she burst into tears, the prospect her fancy had conjured up being too much for her.

Mrs. Beverly kissed the tears away, and said, "Go on as you are going now, my dear. It is too often a wife's fault if a husband ceases to be a lover."

THE IRON EGG.—In Dresden Germany, there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this:—A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was bethrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground, a spring, cunningly hidden in the egg, opened, and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yolk, and a golden chicken was revealed; she touched a spring in the chicken, and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown, and within it was found a diamond marriage-ring. There is a moral to the story.

BURIAL IN AN UPRIGHT POSTURE.—Clement Spelman, Recorder at Nottingham, Eng. who died in 1679, is immured upright, enclosed in a pillar in Narburgh chanel, in that city so that the inscription on the pillar is directly against his face.

A Story About Clover.

BY CELANIRE.

Once on a time, in the days gone by, all Leafland was in commotion. That fleet messenger, the Wind, hurrying from the tropics, had brought news.

"Queen Summer is on her way," he said. "Be ready to greet her."

And then a soft, low murmur of delight ran through Leafland.

"Queen Summer is on her way," the birds sang blithely; and the trees whispered it one to another, and the grasses caught up the refrain with a happy little rustle; and so the news was spread far and wide, through forest and meadow, along the dusty roadside, and into the village streets and gardens—in short, wherever a green thing grew.

Close by the roadside were two stalks of white clover. One stood up tall and straight, with large, coarse leaves, and held his head very high. He had so greedily sucked nourishment from the ground that he had grown very fast, and, indeed quite overshadowed his neighbor, who was thus obliged to creep some little distance on his weak, slender stem, to get any sunshine at all.

"How glad I am that Queen Summer is on her way," said the taller of the two plants. "I intend to have the very largest blossoms that I can when she comes."

"But, friend," timidly ventured the weaker plant, "are not your blossoms too large already? You know that their tubes are so long that the bees cannot manage to suck the honey out. Had you not better let your neat blossoms be smaller?"

"Not I," returned the other, with a careless toss of his head. "I am tired of having those greedy bees steal my honey. Besides, if want the blossoms I have for Queen Summer to be especially fine. And my advice to you is to do the same as I."

"Ah, well," said his companion, "I shouldn't mind sharing my honey with the bees—if, indeed, I ever have any. But," headded with a sigh, "I fear I shall not be strong enough to bring forth blossoms by the time Queen Summer is here."

"Tweet, tweet," said the young sparrow in a nest in one of the village lindens. "what is every one fussing about?"

"My Lady Summer is coming," answered the mother, "and she is very kind to us all. But she is kinder to us sparrows than to any one else, for she puts nice fat worms and bugs on this tree just for our benefit."

"I should think she might give us something better," chirped the oldest sparrow. "But shall we see her then, this grand lady?"

"Oh yes," answered the mother. "I mean to teach you all to fly by that time. And you must flutter in her path, and chirp your prettiest for her; because if you stay behind these great ugly leaves, she will not see you, nor even notice the tree, there are so many others like it in the street. These trees are so disagreeable! Were it not that our nest is in one of them, I could wish them all out of the way."

Meanwhile, the linden in which the nest was placed, was talking to his neighbor.

"We must manage to have our blossoms open by the time Queen Summer comes," he said, "so that we can strew her path with flowers."

"For my part," said his neighbor, "I mean to have my blossoms as heavily laden with perfume as possible. How fortunate we are in having the sparrows to help us greet summer!"

"Yes," answered the first linden, "such dear little creatures! They chirp so prettily, and then they will soon be able to fly. I am really quite proud of my pleasant little tenants."

Out in the country, everything was astir. The buttercups were all furbishing their golden petals, and putting honey in the tiny bags at the bottom of every one; the little "Quaker ladies" had already spread their dainty pale blue dresses to cover up the bare places on field or hillside; and along the road might be seen daisies, and tall June grasses, and even common weeds bending and swaying to and fro, rehearsing the bows they should make to Lady Summer.

The little yellow butterflies were rehearsing also, going over a dance that was to be performed above the muddy pools in the road.

Meanwhile, the birds practised their songs; the bees flew to and fro gathering honey; and the flies sharpened the tiny hooks on their feet, in readiness to climb over slippery places, and go through gymnastic exercises.

The weaker of the two clover plants watched all these preparations with a longing heart.

"If I only had something for Queen Summer!" he thought wistfully. "But I am too weak to be able to give her a single blossom."

And his little heart filled so full of grief, that he forgot to say "good evening" to the rain-drops that just then began to patter down.

However, the raindrops never minded that in the least, but came thicker and faster, until there was quite a shower of them, and when the clover woke the next morning, and saw everything about him so fresh and bright in the sunshine, his cheerfulness came back, and with it, the longing to have something for Queen Summer.

"I will bring her a head of blossoms," he said, "if it costs me my life."

So, day after day, while the butterflies practised their dances, and the birds their songs, little clover thought of the gift he should bring to Queen Summer, and worked patiently. And at last he was rewarded for his toil by a head of fine white blossoms, with the sweetest of honey at the bottom of their tubes.

And now the day of my Lady Summer's arrival was at hand.

All along her path, the plants bent to greet her, flowers shook out their sweetest perfume, the birds sang, and the butterflies performed their airy dances. Everywhere she looked, all things seemed to quicken under her warm genial smile.

But when she came to where the two stalks of white clover grew, she paused, and the smile died out of her face.

"Poor little clover!" she said, looking at the weaker plant, "thy life has been a hard one."

Then turning to the other, she said rebukingly.

"Oh, most selfish of plants! how canst thou take all the sustenance from thy brother, that thou mayst grow tall and strong, and flaunt thy blossoms in the breeze? Hast thou no thought for thy companions?"

As the tall clover listened to this rebuke, he blushed for very shame, a deep crimson blush that dyed the petals of every blossom. But still he stood tall and straight, and held his head as high as ever.

"Nay," continued Queen Summer, thou hast no care for any of thy fellows, oh, selfish one! Thou hast even made thy blossoms so long and narrow that the bees cannot suck any honey from them. Thy weaker companion, who, despite his delicate stem and leaves, has brought forth a head of blossoms to which he gladly welcomes the bees, deserves to be held in grateful memory.

"But thou, because thou dost not repent of thy selfishness, shalt bear on thy petals the crimson blush of shame, forever, until thou dost repent."

And, so speaking, Queen Summer passed by.

That was long, long ago. But still, wherever one goes, one sees the crimson clover, choking up the growth of weaker plants. And still it bears its coarse leaves, and the long-tubed, crimson flowers, from which the bees fly away disappointed.

But all through the country, on lawn and pasture, grows a plant with delicately formed leaves and heads of white blossoms. Crowds of bees hover about its flowers to suck their honey, and this honey gathered by the bees, is said to be the most delicious in the world.

And the name of this plant is the white clover.

News of Interest

Brown eyes denote an affectionate, faithful nature.

The Empire of Japan is made up of 3000 islands.

Newport, R. I., fines people for swearing in the streets.

Saratoga, N. Y., has twenty-five different kinds of springs.

The Deadwood banks will not take gold coin for greenbacks.

Prince Arthur's marriage will take place next February.

Out of 78,000 buildings in New York, 21,000 are tenement houses.

For many illuminating purposes, gas is paling before the electric light.

Spiders seem gifted with a nearer approach to reason than any other insects.

The Adventists have again set a time for the end of the world—this time in 1880.

A few pieces of charcoal dropped into the water assist in preserving cut flowers.

Col. Nicholas Smith, the son-in-law of Horace Greeley, is lecturing in Kentucky.

Raphael Semmes, the famous captain of the Alabama, is to have a monument in Mobile.

The clergy in Quebec are celebrating high mass for the banishment of the potato bug.

Palming false teeth for real with matrimonial intentions, was crime in old England.

A Roman coin dated 1287 has been dug up in a Woodbridge, Connecticut, potato field.

A Massachusetts girl has taken a contract to kill potato bugs at two cents per thousand.

Gilmer county, Ga., has a pig with eight legs and two heads, and a crowing chicken with four legs.

A controversy on spelling reform in a London magazine has the title, "1212 Ways of Spelling 'Scissors.'"

Wonders will never cease. A Newport, R. I., livery-stable keeper has reduced the price of carriage hire one-half.

The New England Commercial Travelers' Association has just paid the widow of its first deceased member $100.

Six Spanish newspapers have been prosecuted for circulating reports that the late Queen came to her death by poison.

California has a new kind of tramp. He floats down rivers on a log raft. How he ever gets up the rivers, no one knows.

The wife of the keeper of the Boston Light, an invalid, has not been in Boston for eight years, nor off the island for four.

The fact is noted that of 560 hangings in this country during the last five years, 75 per cent. have occurred west of the Alleghany Mountains.

The Earl of Shaftsbury wants the people of England, and especially the working-class, to eat more fish, and to learn how to cook it profitably.

The municipality of Prague has forbidden the wearing of dresses with trains upon the streets, because of the dust, injurious to the public health, raised by them.

An English rector has been discovered who uses old gravestones to pave his barn yard. He has not even the decency to lay them with the inscriptions down.

A Baltimorean has been experimenting, and has found that much more speed can be made by applying the screw to the bow of the boat than in the old way, at the stern.

George Eliot, the authoress, appears almost an invalid in her delicate femininity. She is very quiet and self-poised, but Lewes, slender and nervous, is almost boisterous in his cordiality.

Men walking home at 9:30 P. M. in Montreal are collared by mobs and "led" to lamp posts, where their neckties are scanned and their vest-lapels closely examined for Orange insignia or medals.

The people of Cincinnati have struck against the extortions of the gas companies, and taken to burning coal oil. During the last quarter, 4000 metres have been taken out and 20,000 lamps purchased.

A young Sacramento lady a year ago began using arsenic for her complexion and bleaching her hair. After a few months she began to complain of terrible headaches, and has finally been sent to Stockton a hopeless lunatic.

A curious bit of philology is conveyed in the name of the familiar brier-root pipe. It has no connection with any brier, such as sweetbrier or blackberry, but the word is merely a corruption of *bruyerb*, the French for heath.

The experiment of a republic in Europe—and a Celtic republic—can no longer be considered doubtful, since it is universally acknowledged that France is to-day the most prosperous, as it is the most peaceful, of continental countries.

MacMahon is said to be not over-felicitous in his remarks. Passing through a hospital in Paris, he was told that a patient had meningitis. MacMahon said: "A very bad disease. It either kills you or leaves you demented. I have had it myself."

Two boys in Newark, N. J., saw a man drowning in the Passaic river. They stripped off their clothes, went to his rescue, and saved his life. On reaching the shore, an officious policeman arrested them for nude bathing. It is hoped that policeman will fall into the river some day.

A practical joke was played at Berryville, Mo., not long since, which was followed by fatal consequences. As a man was passing a graveyard at midnight, two men sprang from behind a monument and shouted at him. He ran home and went to bed, but was so nervous that he could not sleep, and before morning died in convulsions.

To Draw Willing Slaves

to their feet, the ladies render themselves magnetic with LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH. The dear creatures are well aware that in order to dominate the broadcloth sex, it is only necessary for them to look lovely. A brilliant complexion being the most irresistible of feminine attractions, they take care to insure its possession by using the only certain means for attaining it. Their sway then becomes absolute, and man kneels in homage at the feet of beauty.

WILD ROSES.

Oh long, serene midsummer days,
Of ripening fruit and yellowed grain,
How sweetly, by dim woodland ways,
In tangled hedge or leafy lane,
Fair, wildrose thickets, you unfold
Those pale-pink stars with hearts of gold,

Your sleek patrician sisters dwell
On lawns where gleams the shrub's trim
husk,
In terraced gardens, tended well,
Near pebbled walk and quaint kiosk.
In costliest urns their colors rest;
They beam on beauty's fragrant breast!

But you, in lonely calm abide,
Scarce heeded save by breeze or bee!
You know what splendor, pomp and pride
Full oft your brilliant sisters see;
What sorrow, too, and bitter fears,
What mad farewells and hopeless tears!

How some are kept in old, dear books,
That once in bridal wreaths were worn;
How some are kissed, with tender looks,
And, later, tossed aside with scorn;
How some their taintless petals lay
On icy foreheads pale as they!

So, while these truths you vaguely guess,
A bloom on many a lonesome spot,
Shy roadside roses, may you bless
The fate that rules your modest lot.
Like rustic maids that meekly stand
Below the ladies of their land.

ERCELDEAN.

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI—[CONTINUED.]

She rose from her seat, and went over to him. They had been good friends all these long months. In trifles she had always given way to him. She had yielded from her right notion of what was due to age, from her respect for him as the head of her house. This was the first time the two strong wills had been brought into collision. There was not the faintest intention of yielding in either heart, not the least idea of giving way. They were both of them as firm as rocks. But Beatrix was willing to use all sweet womanly wiles, all gentle persuasions, to procure peace. She did not like the idea of bitter contention. She loved her uncle, and was grateful to him. So she went to him in her winning fashion.

"My dearest uncle," she said, "you have always been very kind to me. We have never had one unpleasant word. Do not be angry and unjust now, when the happiness of my life is at stake."

"I am not unjust, Beatrix. I who have given the best years of my life to work for the honor of my house—I who have sacrificed everything to that—can hardly be called unjust."

"It is unjust, uncle, to take from me the dearest hope that life holds," she said. "You say that you love me, yet, when by one word you could make me one of the happiest girls in the world, you refuse to speak that word. How can you say that you love me!"

He turned away with a contemptuous expression of face.

"Heaven knows," he cried, "that I believed there was one sensible woman to be found in the word. I begin to doubt it. Beatrix, I thought you one far above such hollow, sickly nonsense as love. I wonder to hear you speak as you do. Do you remember what you said about men even on the first occasion that I saw you?"

Beatrix smiled.

"That is the very point on which we differ, uncle. I want to marry one whom I hold to be a hero and whom I love; you want me to marry a man who however worthy, I can only respect."

"I do not understand what you mean by a hero. I know there is no truer gentleman in England than this one whom you have driven from you."

"I have kept a better one by my side, uncle."

"Mr. Carew is a gallant, generous man, but he is no match for you, Beatrix. He has neither wealth nor position."

"He will have both in time, uncle."

"Probably—when you have wasted the best years in your life in waiting for him, and he falls in love after all, with a fresher face."

"He will never do that," she replied, with a smile. "Now, uncle, be like the dear good uncles in the comedies—be cross with me just for a short time, then say if it must be it must, and make us happy with your blessing."

"I wish to Heaven I could!" he said hurriedly. "I wish I could Beatrix; but, after living all these years with one end and aim before my eyes, I cannot now give it up for this girlish nonsense of yours. You could not expect it. Oh, Beatrix, I am sorely disappointed! You promised so faithfully to help me, to live for the honor and restoration of your race; and now, when it is in your power to do more for our house than has been done for years, you refuse—all from some paltry motive that will not bear looking into. You are not a true Lennox, Beatrix."

"I am, uncle," she rejoined, her face flushing. "It is because I am true that I refuse to marry any one except the man I love."

He wrung his hands in despair.

"It is always the same nonsense—always the same trash—'love.' To me the honor of a noble house seems far before love."

"And to me," she said gently, "such love as mine seems far above everything else. It is the very wine of life, uncle. Those who never know it lose the best of Heaven's good gifts."

"I would rather not hear any more rhapsodies," he told her. "I see it is useless for me to appeal to your affection, your honor, or your truth; is it equally useless for me to appeal to your gratitude? Do you owe me none for having rescued you as I did and brought you from poverty to affluence?"

"You cancel the debt," she said, "when you remind me of it. I have always been grateful, but it is not reasonable to expect me to marry a man I do not like. In order to prove my gratitude to you I would do anything in season that you expected from me—anything to prove my gratitude—anything but——"

"But the very thing I ask. That is generally how a woman's devotion ends. Enough! You understand—I cannot force you to marry the Duke, but I refuse my consent altogether to your marriage with Beltran Carew."

"I am very sorry," she said quietly; "the only alternative will be to marry him without it."

"Of that," he returned coldly, "you are the best judge."

She went round to him and knelt down by his side.

"My dearest uncle," she said, "see—I humble myself to you. I beg of you to believe that I love you with all my heart, and that I am deeply grateful to you. Pray yield in this matter, and I will be obedient to you all my life afterwards. Erceldean, dear to me as to you, shall not suffer. Beltran is so clever that he will bring us greater honor to it than if I married some one whose honors were already made. I should be so happy. If you have ever been happy yourself, you will know how earnestly I pray to you."

With a graceful inclination of her proud head she bent down and kissed his hands.

"You will not let me plead in vain!" she said.

"I understand self-sacrifice better than I understand happiness," he replied. "What is this happiness you talk so much about but selfishness in disguise? To sacrifice your own whim and fancy, to marry for the benefit of an illustrious house, to make a noble and gallant gentleman happy, to prove your gratitude to me, your devotion to your mother—all this would be better a thousand times than seeking what you choose to call your own happiness."

She rose sadly from her knees.

"It is of no use," she said. "I perceive that it is useless to argue with you. I cannot argue—but my heart tells me that you are quite wrong and that I am quite right."

There was silence between them for some time. Peter Lennox broke it.

"I am sorry for myself," he said. "Every hope of my life was so firmly fixed on your becoming Duchess of Heathland. Trixie, in my turn I plead to you. Think of my long years of labor, think of my task almost achieved. Think of my joyless life, of all the hopes I had centred in this marriage, of my pride and pleasure in it. Think even of my kindness to you, Trixie, and ask yourself if you cannot sacrifice a fancy for one who loves you and has such claims upon you."

"I could sacrifice any fancy," she replied, "but not the one love of my lifetime—not the true love of my heart. I could not sacrifice that, uncle, for anything—for any creature living."

"Then we need say no more. I did not expect such a reply from my brother's daughter—I had hoped for better things. I am old and must not look for old-fashioned virtues, I suppose. You can leave me, Miss Lennox; I prefer to be alone."

"Are you going to call me 'Miss Lennox,' uncle?" she asked, with a dreary sigh. "That would make me very miserable."

"You are no niece of mine while you persist in disobeying me," he replied.

He watched her as she quitted the room in all the pride of her glorious youth, a shadow lying over her fair young face.

"It seems hard that she cannot have her heart's desire," he said to himself, "but she cannot."

He grew restless. He walked up and down the long room. He paused repeatedly at the door, thinking that he would go after her and remonstrate again with her, and then he said to himself that it would be useless.

He went to seek his sister-in-law, and found her crying in the morning-room.

"I see," he said; "she has made you as miserable as well. What a sad thing it is, Ailsa! I never thought it would turn out like this."

"Nor did I," returned Lady Lennox, "but Trixie is so determined. I ought to have been very cross with her, but I could not. She looked so handsome, so like 'Prince Charlie.' Dozens of times, when he was going to lend money to those who would never return it, I have opposed him, and he has stood before me so bright, so firm, yet looking so handsome, that I could never be cross with him."

"She is very much like my poor brother," said Peter Lennox. "Ailsa, you must use your influence with her; I have done all I can. I shall never give my consent. The more deeply you impress that on her the better."

With a little moan Lady Ailsa rocked herself to and fro.

"I can do nothing with her. I have not the least idea how to manage her. To me the bare idea of her preferring a barrister to a Duke is something I cannot understand."

"Nor any other right minded person," he said. "Ailsa, write a note and ask the Duchess of Elmslie to call. Perhaps she will be able to bring her to reason."

Lady Lennox wrote the note. It was answered by the Duchess in person; and the trials of Beatrix Lennox began in good earnest.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"It is about the unpleasantest thing I have ever heard," said the Duchess with upraised hands when Mr. Lennox had told her of his niece's decision. "Refused a Duke to marry a barrister! The whole social code is set at naught! My dear Lady Ailsa, I am sorry for you. I can imagine no greater trial than this."

And the three elders held a solemn conclave.

Beatrix thought little of the storm she had raised. Troubles roll lightly over the heads of youth. She was singing to herself a sweet low song, thinking and believing that matters would all come right; that her uncle would persist in being unkind never occured to her—that her mother would be really unhappy at that which filled her own mind with content she did not credit. The course of true love never yet ran smooth. She must expect some difficulties—they would soon be past; and then it was worth undergoing all the pain in the world to know that Beltran loved her. She could not be unhappy if she tried; her face would look radiant, her dark eyes would shine with a tender lovely light; little trills of song and sweet loving words would keep rising from her heart to her lips, while the little conclave assembled in the drawing-room were proposing all kinds of terror for her.

"It is such an unheard of thing. If I did not know your family so well," said her Grace. "I should suspect there was madness in it. Such a position—Duchess of Heathland! Pardon me, Lady Ailsa, but she must indeed have been badly trained not to know better."

Lady Lennox looked up with tearful eyes. The Duchess went on:

"She really should have been taught to understand social distinctions better."

The gentle mother was compelled to speak in self-defence; it was so terrible to hear her daughter blamed.

"I never thought," she said in her simple inoffensive way, "when we lived at Strathnarn, that such good fortune as this would come to us. We all believed Peter dead long years ago. My dear husband used to lament that he had not been more loving to his brother; but who could have thought that that brother still lived? Dear Duchess, you forget that when Beatrix was a child there seemed to be no hope of anything but Strathnarn until we died."

The Duchess looked slightly confused; she ought not to have forgotten that. Lady Lennox continued plaintively—

"Of what use was it for me to teach her all kind of social distinctions, when the chances were that she would never know anything of social life, but die as I had lived, in seclusion?" Lady Lennox grew earnest with her subject. "You know, dear Duchess," she said, "that in solitude like Strathnarn one seems to commune only with nature: the world of men and women is of small account."

"Yes, without doubt," hastily allowed the Duchess; "yet, my dear Lady Ailsa, every girl should have a certain amount of common sense," and the Duchess drew her rich laces round her ample shoulders.

"There is a great want of common sense in the world," said Peter Lennox. "I must owe that I for one am not very much surprised at Beatrix. I said from the first she would be difficult to manage. I read it in her face. She has determination enough for a half dozen women. Still, I fancied I could manage her; I find I cannot."

"I wish," sobbed Lady Lennox, "that her father were living."

"So do I," said her brother-in-law; "in that case I should not have to manage her. I heartily wish it. If Providence had blessed me with a daughter, I would have checked her in her early years."

"I do not approve of what Beatrix has done, but she is my own child," remarked Lady Lennox—"I cannot forget that—and I cannot help defending her when every one blames her."

"This discussion seems useless," said the Duchess. "The will of a young girl has baffled the wit and wisdom of her elders. If you think that advice from me will be of any use to Beatrix, I will seek her and tender it for acceptance; if she will not have it——" Here the Duchess paused, and a very eloquent gesture told that she in that case must leave her to her fate. "I will go to her," added her Grace. "She will be in her own apartments, I suppose?"

The Duchess went thither. She paused for a minute at the door, for Beatrix was singing a pretty love-song and the worldly woman's heart was touched by the simple words and the simple story.

"There is not much sorrow in that voice," she thought, as she rapped at the door.

Nor was there much in the bright tender face raised to hers. Beatrix held out her hands.

"I know your errand," she said laughingly. "You have come to tell me as uncle does, that I am quite lost to all sense of what is right."

The Duchess of Elmslie stooped to kiss the sweet uplifted face

"You are so like your father, child," she said, "when you smile. I am not come to lecture you, lectures are no good in such a case. I am come to see if you really understand what a terrible *faux pas* you are about to make."

The Duchess spoke in a grave tone of voice, so grave that the smile died from the girl's fair proud face.

"We need not talk about love," observed her Grace; "every one has their own ideas about that. But, looking at matters simply from a social point of view, I must show you, child, where you stand. Sit down here on this footstool and listen to me."

The Duchess sat down herself, and the folds of her rich dress lay on the carpet. Beatrix half knelt, half sat by her side.

"You see, Beatrix," said her Grace, "you have placed yourself in a most awkward position. I do not refer to your abrupt dismissal of the Duke. If he was content with the terms you say contented him, he has nothing to complain of."

"He does not complain," interrupted Beatrix; "he is far too generous. I like the Duke better now than I have ever liked him."

The Duchess gave a resigned sigh. What did the girl mean? Her Grace went on—

"You received congratulation from a distinguished circle on your coming marriage."

"It was all a mistake!" cried Beatrix.

"Then why not have said so at the time, my dear?"

"I could not. I had not seen the horrible paragraph. I could not tell what approaching 'happy event' was meant. To tell you the truth dear Duchess, I fancied the reference was to another ball, or something of that kind."

"Nevertheless, by receiving those congratulations in silence and with a smile, you have compromised yourself. Your silence was acknowledgment. My dear child, you cannot possibly draw back after that."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Oh, Beatrix, what a question! A child would not ask it. Why not? Because, in the eyes of all who spoke to you, you are pledged by your silence."

"I do not believe it," said Beatrix frankly. "Because a few kind mistaken words have been spoken to me, my whole life is to be influenced by them? It is too absurd to believe."

"If you will be willful and blind, Beatrix, I regret but cannot help it," replied her grace coldly. "I tell you it will be the greatest breach of etiquette ever committed."

"Etiquette!" repeated Beatrix in a scornful voice. "It is not a case of etiquette. 'Why, sooner than be blamed in that way, I would venture to tell those who congratulated me the exact truth!"

The Duchess looked aghast at the bare notion.

"You would never dare do such a thing, Beatrix," she said.

Beatrix laughed merily.

"Indeed I would! Why not?"

The Duchess gravely shook her head The face raised to hers was flushing with excitement."

"It," cried "Prince Charlie's" daughter, "anything could move me, it would be, not a fancied notion of obligation such as you put forth, but the desire to repay my uncle for his goodness and make him happy. I do not like acting in opposition to his wish. I would sacrifice anything but my honor, my truth and integrity, to please him."

"That is just how 'Prince Charlie' always talked," said her Grace—"they are just his romantic old-world ideas; and see what a terrible *fiasco* his life was, Beatrix."

"See, rather, how he was loved, Duchess, and how his memory has lived in the hearts of the people who knew him. Dear godmother, be good to me and say no more. It is of no use. I shall fulfil destiny in marrying Beltran Carew."

"You are infatuated," said her Grace coldly. "It is a sorry ending for one who began with such prospects. No girl in England has such a future before her as you might have if you would only listen to reason."

"I shall be content with the future that is before me," replied Beatrix. "Are you going, Duchess? Have you not one kind word to say before you go?"

"Not one Beatrix. I shall not encourage you in what I honestly believe to be one of the greatest acts of imprudence which any girl could be guilty of. I shall say no more; but, when the time comes that you must expiate your folly, do not seek me."

"Your Grace may be quite sure of that," said the girl, flushing proudly. "I shall never make that mistake."

So they parted, without one kind word; and the Duchess, when she reported her want of success, spoke strongly to her anxious listender.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pity The Poor Ghosts!

BY F. GARRETT.

And the ghost said:

It was a sad and painful death that made me a spirit, and my existence since has been by no means an agreeable one. I was, in former estate, the sixth child and fourth daughter in a family of twelve children living in a large old-fashioned country house some miles distant from the nearest town. We were not overburdened with worldly wealth, but that mattered little to us youngsters, and we grew up strong and healthy and enterprising, under the influence of the fresh breezes and active out-of-door life.

But when I was about nineteen a sudden change came over my life. 'Circumstances over which I had no control' suddenly obliged me to take a journey into the heart of Spain, then a much more unknown land than it is now. I reached my destination safely, transacted my business, and had started again on my homeward route through a somewhat wild and lonely pass across the Pyrenees, when sudden trouble came upon me. The evening was dark and stormy, and at my last halting-place I had been warned that the road before me was reputed dangerous, and that I should be wiser to spend the night where I was. But I was eager to press on, and foolishly determined to make another stage of my journey before I rested.

"There are said to be brigands lurking in the pass," my host announced at last in plain words.

"I am a stranger in the land, and not worth robbing," I answered. "Spare your words, mine host, I shall go on."

And so I went, and then all at once, as my mules were toiling painfully up the stony pathway, I heard strange and terrible sounds, sounds of voices and of the clank of arms, growing ever nearer and nearer, and then with a horrible yell the brigands were upon me. I felt my last hour was come. My escort took to their heels. No help was possible in that lonely place, and, in less time than it takes to write, I was robbed, cruelly murdered, and thrust into a narrow hole hastily scooped out among the loose stones beside the roadway.

To my own mind there is no accounting for the strange results which followed my murder; all I know is that I was hastily buried in the pale moonlight, and that, before the rising sun shone fully upon the lonely scene, I too had risen from my tomb—a disembodied spirit. Long, thin, semi-transparent, and wrapped in a flowing white garment, but without any encumbering substance or human frame, I appeared quite the orthodox article, and as great a wonder to myself as I should have been to any one who might have chanced to meet me.

My first thought was to communicate with the dear ones at home. I started off immediately on my mission; but it was late when I arrived, and the maid was already barring the front door for the night as I appeared before it. She opened it to look out for a moment, and I passed through the narrow aperture, and stood in the familiar wainscoted old hall; but when I tried to address her by name, no audible sound issued from my ghostly lips.

I turned impatiently from her, and entered the drawing-room. There were all the familiar things just as I was accustomed to see them. The piano still stood open with a sheet of music upon it, left from the evening's practice; my mother's favorite armchair was near the fire, with its antimacassar neatly arranged as she was wont to place it before retiring to rest. Lighted bedroom candles were on the table, and the hands of the timepiece pointed to half-past ten, our usual hour of separating for the night. Indeed, "good nights" were being already exchanged between the members of the cheerful family party. Some one must see me as they passed the dim corner where I took refuge, and then, amidst all the joyful welcomes, I could tell what had befallen me.

But my well-laid plan failed miserably. One by one the candles were appropriated, and soon the room was empty. My favorite brother appeared as unconscious as the rest of my presence, though, as he passed, I could not resist stretching out my shadowy arms to him with passionate longing. My mother even gave no sign that she recognised me, and as she turned to close and lock the door, I had barely time to flit into the passage.

My anxiety was growing every moment. Surely a touch must attract attention, and I had always heard how marvellously acute a mother's senses were to recognise her child. I approached her, as she turned the key, and laid my hand on hers. She took no notice. I nestled close to her side, and even ventured to pass my arm round her waist. Still she gave not the slightest sign of feeling my caress. In utter despair I sped along the passage after my brothers and sisters. I called them aloud each one by name and besought them to listen to me.

Not one heeded my frantic words, and then the horrible truth dawned upon me for the first time that to them I must be *voiceless* as well as *invisible*. If this were indeed the case, how should I make them understand?

My sisters reached their room, and I entered with them. Standing far back in a dim corner, I listened to the simple talk of their hopes and plans with such an aching sensation of utter nullity. But my presence was not felt, and ere long two fair faces smiled in dreams above the pillows.

Time passed on. The clock in the neighboring church tower struck the hour, and as the twelfth stroke sounded a shudder ran through me, and some subtle influence seemed to draw closer and tighter my immateriality, and to give mean outline more akin to human form. What was happening? I knew not; only as I turned again to the bed, I felt that something disturbed the quiet sleepers. They moaned and tossed from side to side as I leant over them; and when, finally, I touched one of my sisters with my fingers, she partly opened her eyes, and spoke.

"Mary, Mary, don't hurt me!"

The tone was half unconscious, and she turned to sleep again. But it was evident to me now I could make my presence felt, and I placed myself on the bed, and tried again to rouse her.

Wonder of wonders! my efforts were at last successful. With a yawn she awoke fully, and gazed directly upon me. But it was a look of wild agonised fear, instead of one of glad recognition, and it was a piercing shriek that told me my presence was visible at last: and it gave me a far bitterer pang than all my past troubles had done to find that I was simply an object of terror and alarm to those I loved the best.

Mary awoke with her sister's screams, and a perfect paralysis of terror fell upon her also when she saw me, which indeed wounded me more than the loudest outcry. I tried to calm the terrified girls, but to no purpose; and soon lights were seen in the passage, and the room door was opened by my mother. As she came in with her candle I felt myself once more become dim and indistinct in the flickering light, and then I knew that ghosts are only visible in darkness.

"Whatever is the matter, children?" I heard my mother say.

Mary, who was the calmer of the two, told what they had seen.

"You must have been dreaming, dears; there is nothing whatever in the room. See!" And the candle was carried into every hole and corner.

"Mary shall go into another room, and I will remain here," said my mother at last. She looked at her watch. It wanted only some few minutes to daybreak, and soon the light was again extinguished, and all was still.

I crept slowly out of my refuge behind the curtain, so that I might see the faces on the pillow. Susan's eyes were closed, but my mother's were fixed intently on the window, through which the first streak of dawn was already visible in the east.

I felt this was my last chance, and I must seize it at once. I placed myself directly between the window and the bed, and for the second time I was seen. My mother raised herself slowly on her elbow.

"Child, child, whatever do you—"

I threw up my shadowy arms in wild excitement. The spell was broken. My mother had spoken to me, and I could make answer back again. I took the very words out of her mouth in my eagerness to anticipate the growing dawn.

"Come—come with me!" I cried. "I want to show you—" And even as I spoke, the round red sun slowly rose from his cloudy bed on the horizon, the cock crowed loudly under the window,—and I melted slowly into thin air.

After all, was it a cock that crowed so noisily? I rubbed my sleepy eyes with my fingers; I yawned; I stretched myself as one does on waking from a doze. I came all together again as it were; and behold there I sat in my own easy-chair, with my feet on the fender, an ink bottle on a chair beside me, and a half-finished letter lying on my knee. But where was the pen that should have been in my hand? I turned about in the lamplight. Ha! there it was, fallen down into the fender. Could its fall have suggested my noisy cock? Had I verily been asleep and dreaming?

Of one thing, however, I was certain. I was full of pity for the poor ghosts; and I have never since changed in my feelings towards them.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

ELEPHANTS IN INDIA.—When an elephant has exhibited repeated proofs of cowardice, its dastardly conduct is published by the degradation of being reduced from the honor of conveying the castle on its back, to the burden of the baggage. It is not insensible to this disgrace, nor will a caparisoned elephant deign to association with its brethen of the pad. No animal is better acquainted with its claims to distinction, or prouder of the splendor of its array; and the difference of bearing between those decked in flowing cloths richly bordered with gold, and bearing the silver howdah, or canopied ambarry on their backs, and the humble beast of burden, whose housings are of the meanest description, and whose load confers neither honor nor dignity, is very striking.

OLD BACHELORS.—In antiquity it was considered unpatriotic in a citizen to remain a bachelor all his days. By the Spartan laws, those citizens who remained bachelors after middle age were excluded from all offices, civil or military. At certain feasts they were exposed to public derision, and led round the market-place. Although, generally speaking, age was deeply respected, yet this feeling was manifested to old bachelors. "Why should I make way for you," said a Spartan youth to a grey-headed old bachelor, "who will never have a son to do me the same honor when I am old?" The Romans pursued the same policy towards bachelors. They had to pay extra and special taxes, and under Augustus a law was enacted by which bachelors were made incapable of acquiring legacies and devises of real estate by will, except from their near relatives.

FOR THE FEET.—Among the first thing that strike the traveler in Japan are the wooden sandals worn by these 36,000,000 of people. They have a separate compartment for the great toe, and make a clackling noise on the street. Straw slippers are also worn, and a traveler setting out on a journey will strap a supply of them on his back, that he may put on a pair when the old ones are worn out. They cost but three farthings a pair, and leaving the foot free to the air, we never see those deformities of the foot in Japan which are frequent in this country. They are never worn in the house, being left outside the door. Passing down a street, you see long rows of them at the door, old and new, large and small. It is surprising to see how readily the Japs step out of them, and pick them up again with their feet, without stopping, when leaving the house. Constant habit makes them dexterous.

THE IMPEYAN PHEASANT.—Among the Phasianidæ the Impeyan pheasant is one of the noblest species. He lives among the mountain heights of the Himalayas, scorning the lowlands, where he has never been known to descend. Of the color of this gorgeous child of the forest it is difficult to give an idea. Bronze green, iridescent gold, and purple, radiant as if seen through a golden haze, compose his princely costume. On its head it wears a tuft of glistening green spirals, broad at the top, each one delicate and airy as might be a fairy's parasol. During the winter months the snow and cold drive these birds to congregate in flocks in the most secluded forest nooks of the mountains. Here the hunter may surprise them, and feast his eyes—if, indeed, he have an eye for beauty—on their wondrous and glistening plumage. At the approahh of spring they scatter, and ascend to the higher lands, where, thousands of feet above the sea, they pass the warm months in undisturbed seclusion. The monauls are easily kept in cages, and, unless subjected to a heated atmosphere, they take confinement easily. The first living specimens were brought to England by Lady Impey, hence the English name of the bird. It is necessary to provide the cage with a corner of retreat, for there are seasons when this shy, sullen creature would apparently prefer death to the gaze of man.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city publish "Molly Bawn," by the author of "Phyllis." A very excellent piece of fiction, full of good points and character-drawing, and having a certain humor which is sure to please everybody. Pp. 336, large type, 12mo. Extra cloth, $1.25; paper cover, 50 cents. For sale by all booksellers.

Messrs. G. W. Robinson & Co., of this city, send us their publication, "The English in Ireland," a reply to "The Turks in Europe," by Thomas Adolphus. This little brochure is written in a fine vein of irony, and is well worth reading, for it gives in a concise way a great deal of history. Pp. 90; paper, 50 cents. For sale by all booksellers.

MAGAZINES.

The *Popular Science Monthly Supplement* for August contains No. VI. of A Modern Symposium; Is the Popular Judgment in Politics More Just than that of the Higher Orders? Prof. Proctor has a paper on the approaching solar eclipse. There is a good paper by G. J. Romanes, Consciousness of Time. Prof. Lockyer tells What the Sun is Made Of. W. Cunningham touches upon Political Economy as a Moral Science. A good article of the number is that On the Position and Influence of Women in Ancient Greece, by Prof. Donaldson. Dale's Impressions of America is concluded. G. T. Preston writes On the Possibility of Explaining Past Changes in the Universe by Causes at Present in Operation. W. K. Parker has a paper, What is Morphology? Then follow The Evolution of Beauty, The Fear of Lightning, The Problem of Final Causes and Cotemporary Physiology, and Brief Notes.

We have received the *Eclectic* magazine for July and August. Both numbers are replete with good matter. The July number contains, among other things, A Reply to Tyndall, Man and Science, The Earth's Place in Nature, Edmund Burke, Memorials of a Man of Letters, Some Physiological Errors, and a fine steel engraving. The August number has for its frontispiece a fine steel portrait of Herman L. F. Helmholtz, and a notice of that celebrated scientist. Also papers on The Origin of Flowers, A Fiery World, Meryon and Meryon's Paris, treating of the French etcher, Matthew Arnold Johnson's Lives of the Poets, A Romance by Rumlight, The Ballad of Immitation, Foreign Literary Notes, Science and Art, and Varieties.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Nothing is really troublesome that we do willingly.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel than to revenge one.

By an agreeable and respectful deportment a good reputation is gained.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving no offence.

The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

It is a glorious thing to resist temptation, but it is a safe thing to avoid it.

The best atonement for evil deeds is to set about the performance of worthy ones.

A thousand parties of pleasure do not leave a recollection worth that of one good action.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to the lesson which it teaches.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are the best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts.

He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong, may be deceived; but he that saith thou art always right is surely a liar.

Friends should be very delicate and careful in administering pity as a medicine, when enemies use the same article as a poison.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a new crop of rank weeds.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible for us to overvalue ourselves but by undervaluing others.

Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

Seek not so much to know thine enemies as thy friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances.

The heart that is at once softened by gratitude and the tears of joy, will show its thankfulness at least in this, that it will be milder toward others.

Secret kindnesses done to your fellow-creatures are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. To be invisibly good is as godlike as to be invisibly evil is diabolical.

The master purpose of a true man's life is to be useful to others. There is no duty so mean that it will not be ennobled by this motive. There is no function so dignified that it will not receive from this motive fresh dignity.

Surely one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid; nor can anything well be more destructive to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOW READY!

Sensible Etiquette
OF THE
BEST SOCIETY.

BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

12mo. Cloth Extra, Bevelled Boards and Gilt Top, $2.

This is the Etiquette Book, the announcement of which has created so much talk in fashionable circles.

"Mrs. H. O. Ward's 'Sensible Etiquette of the Best Society,' is one of the few common sense books on the subject of which it treats. In the first place it is well-written, and in the second place the writer, who is evidently a lady of refinement, lends weight to her advice on that account. . . . We should like to be able to quote more of Mrs. Ward's 'Sensible Etiquette,' but must satisfy ourselves with recommending every family in the land to have a copy where it can be reached conveniently, and to let the young people study it carefully."—New York Herald.

"As a manual of the best etiquette, it is really of permanent value."—Boston Gazette.

"We commend it as a work which will help young men and young women, and stimulate them in their efforts to lead worthy as well as conventionally correct lives."—New York Evening Post.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,
822 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

For sale by all booksellers and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

HELEN JEWETT.

The life and astonishing adventures of this beautiful woman, who was so mysteriously murdered. The most strange and exciting case known in the police annals of New York city. The book RETAILS at 25 cents (postage stamps taken.) Printed in English and German, and well illustrated. AGENTS WANTED for this, and also for "RUNAWAY GIRLS" (25c.), and our 20c. "LIVES AND CRIMES OF MOLLIE MAGUIRES."

BARCLAY & CO.
21 North (M.) 7th St., Philadelphia.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821
1821

☞ NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of State as well as of town in which they live.

☞ A LIMITED NUMBER OF UNOBJECTIONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS RECEIVED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE:

Fifty cents per line of space. Agate measurement, for each insertion

SPECIAL NOTICES 75 cents per line.

READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts payable to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
No. 726 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5, 1876.

Contents of this Number.

MABEL'S VICTORY, or, The Cost of a Will. Chapter II.

SWEET IS TRUE LOVE. Chapter III., IV., V.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND, by Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore. Part 2, Chapter IV.

CASQUE AND GLOVE, by Hale Lewison—Chapters XIII., XIV.

EXCELDEAN, or, The Price of a Heart—Chapters XXXVI., XXXVII.

FACETIÆ by P. H. Doyle.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.—Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

THE REVIEWERS.

SHORT STORIES.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

EDITORIALS—SANCTUM CHAT—POETRY.

FEMINIMITIES, FARM AND GARDEN.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

NEWS OF INTEREST.

MISCELLANY.

CORRESPONDENTS will find lucid replies to all queries in "Answers to Inquirers."

A VARIETY of light and valuable reading matter, suitable for these caloric days, in this number of the POST.

THE hot weather teaches three important facts—keep cool, read the POST, subscribe for the companion Oleographs.

WE promise our readers a rich treat of literary matter of the best quality and purest tone, in the columns of this, the fifty-eighth volume of the POST.

"HE who draws his thoughts," says Coleridge, "from a cistern and not from a spring, will generally be more sparing of them than to give ten ideas in a page instead of ten pages to an idea.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. This department of the POST, especially devoted to the little folks, is now rendered even more attractive than ever by the fresh and original stories it contains. They are interesting, delightful and moral, and our young readers will be certain to enjoy them.

FIVE splendid serials are now running in the columns of the POST. ON DANGEROUS GROUND, Mrs. Moore's winning and profound story; CASQUE AND GLOVE, a masterly piece of fiction, by Hale Lewison; MABEL'S VICTORY, by the well known author of "Nemesis of Love;" SWEET IS TRUE LOVE; and EXCELDEAN; or, THE PRICE OF A HEART, by the author of "From Gloom to Sunlight."

THE scenery of the Yellowstone valley has been depicted by Mr. Thomas Moran, the eminent landscape painter, with surprising fidelity. The same artist made some remarkable studies in the White Mountain region. The original pictures of this eminent painter, called the "White Mountains" and the "Yellowstone," have been perfectly reproduced by the oleographic art, and these pictures, forming companion oleographs, are now offered by the POST as premiums.

IT now appears to be the fashion not only to bring up a passion for old time furniture, china, and bric-a-brac, but also the memories of the great men who lived a generation ago. This is indeed an age of criticism, an age which is endeavoring to do, and in fact is doing, justice to the dead and buried genius, and its great clamor for talent leads it not only to crown the celebrated men and women of its day with laurels, but to place *immortelles* upon the tombs of many who were unappreciated in their own age.

ALL that can be done is being done to help the impoverished and sick, and especially to give the infirm, helpless and emaciated children of the poor an opportunity to breathe fresh air and take a glance at nature in the depth of its woods, and in the heart of its fields. God bless such charities as these, and every man and woman in the land who can assist his or her poor brother or sister to a little excursion into the country, will feel happier for having done so. Practical christianity never asserted itself so triumphantly as in the present era of hard times, and physical and mental depression. Let us help the forsaken poor!

THE useful and the ornamental go hand in hand. In FIRESIDE CHAT our readers will discover useful hints respecting ornament which will prove very seasonable. There are many little matters of housekeeping which our lady readers think they know, find out they do not know, and then desire to know, and this very desire is answered by the department above alluded to. The FASHION NOTES will also be found acceptable, for no one could treat this difficult topic more clearly, or more intelligently than the present editor, whose chief aim is to give, in a concise way, the gist of what is going on in the great realm of Fashion, here and in Europe.

THE SELF-LOVE OF MEN.

Young ladies are sometimes admonished not to flirt, for the reason that however pleasant it might be to them, it might break the hearts of those with whom they flirt. This fear is not founded upon fact. We have heard of victims of blighted affection, but never yet name across one. Time, in this sort of matters, works wonders. Change of scene is a great restorative to the wounded bosom. We doubt whether any man ever yet died of a broken heart, or woman either, for that matter. Men are more vain than women. There are exceedingly few of them who are not flattered by the idea of some woman falling in love with them. The lady for the moment affords them this gratification of self-love. She makes herself as agreeable as she can. If the vanity of the man leads him to believe that she has fallen a victim to his charms, this is his own fault—not hers. The illusion has raised him to the seventh heaven for a brief period, and if the period be short, he has been the gainer. In one of De Bernard's novels he describes an old captain who lives supremely happy because he fancies that years ago some girl died of a broken heart because he had declined to marry her. He carries about her portrait, and on all occasions takes it out and weeps over it. One day, however, he meets the girl, who has not died, but is heart-whole and healthy, and she has in the meantime married and forgotten all about the captain. He is in despair. He can no longer indulge in the luxury of grieving over the sad fate of the object of his youthful affections. It is a part of the irony of life, this love making and heart-breaking. Love is a good, and beautiful thing, too, when hearts are properly mated; but there are so many things to do in this great bustling world of ours, so much to accomplish, so many poor souls to comfort and assist, that if our hearts are wounded by some disappointment in love, we are sure, whether man or woman, to survive it, and to devote our lives to higher, nobler aims. The common sense of love between the sexes is beginning to be understood, and man's vanity and self love can have no effect upon invulnerable hearts in future.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is strange that it is necessary for a great man to die before the world will give full voice to his just merits. Bryant's death has called forth a universal eulogy, and there is not a paper or periodical in the land which does not pay tribute to the great departed poet. He was fully appreciated during his life-time, but it needed the hand of death to confer the crowns of immortality.

THE chariot races and the tournaments of the Middle Ages have been succeeded by the modern race course and the numerous advantages of the manege; and it cannot for a moment be doubted that these, together with tandems and four-in-hand equipages of to-day, are far preferable to the chariots and tournaments, without the hazardous and sometimes tragical end attending these ancient games.

A COPY of the great Mentz Bible, printed by Guttenburg in 1455, being the first book ever printed, was sold at auction in Paris a short time ago for the sum of ten thousand dollars. It was printed on vellum, but is quite perfect, having one leaf and several portions restored in fac. simile, by M. Pilinski. At the celebrated Perkins' sale in 1873, a copy of the same work realized the enormous sum of seventeen thousand dollars.

FREDERICK LEIGHTON, the English artist, some of whose pictures were on exhibition at the Centennial, exhibits in the Royal Academy exhibition several paintings of high merit. "Nausicaa," and "Elijah Sleeping in the Wilderness," with the ministering angel standing by. The angel brings for the weary prophet "a cake baken on the coals and a cruse of water." This work is the greatest and grandest of the painter's contributions to the year; but the third picture of "Two Greek girls winding a skein by the sea shore," is both for form and color, of quite ineffable loveliness. Two pure young virginal figures utterly delightful in their tender grace, stand beside the purple Rhodian sea. Behind them, long ranges of low mountains, with a sky line of wavy beauty, stand out against a serene and sunny heaven.

THERE is a genius in Paris who appears nightly at one of the variety theatres, and, it is said, paints an entire picture in a few minutes. The canvass is produced and the artist goes to work, brush and palette in hand, and in a very short space a marine view or a landscape is unfolded to the gaze of the audience. This may be accomplished by dexterity to a certain extent, but we suspect the whole show is a trick. The canvass, apparently so white and clean, has beneath it a real oil painting which is covered with chalk or some white substance. The alleged painter, by pretending to use colors but in reality only using water on his brush, soon clears away the thin coating of white and reveals the painting beneath.

HASHEESH, the Oriental drug which is used by all classes in India, China, and other parts of the East, is an extract of Indian Hemp. This extract mixed with different aromatics and vegetable oils, forms a sort of nauseous confection, taken before a meal. Then there is the hasheesh smoked in their pipes and cigarettes, and this is the form in which it is most commonly used. Taken in moderate doses it produces a kind of intoxication that is very pleasant, highly advantageous for a correct knowledge of intellectual phenomena, and at the same time free from serious consequences. One great difference between intoxication by hasheesh and by alcohol and chloroform, is that in the former when the dose is light, memory is intact—one remembers with marvelous exactitude all that he saw, did, or said. A mild dose of hasheesh produces a sort of sleepiness during which external objects assume fantastic forms, and all is like a dream.

WHAT is style? There has been so much said concerning the necessities of style, and so many works have been written upon grammar, rhetoric, and expression, that authors who confine themselves to all rules are apt to be bewildered and to confuse themselves and their readers. The best style is that which conveys the thought of the writer in the clearest manner possible. Syntax may be slighted and liberties taken with words by the man of genius, but the thought must stand out as clear as crystal, otherwise the effect of the author's work will be lost on his readers.

THE moral refinement of Ancient Greece was indicated by the respect paid to women and the freedom they enjoyed. They might go where they liked and might do as they pleased. Homer pictures the young men and the maidens plucking the vines together. They mingled together at marriage feasts and at religious festivals. In fact there was free and easy intercourse between the sexes. They thus came to know each other well, and as the daughters were greatly beloved by their fathers, we cannot doubt that their parents would consult them as to the men they might wish for husbands. Even after marriage they continued to have the same liberty.

THE mass of men and women are so busy now-a-days that they have scarcely time to sit down calmly and think upon any topics which are not practical. They have not even time to read and digest what they read. In fact there is opportunity enough for acquiring information, and leisure enough if system is used, and a vast amount of information may be gained by devoting odd moments to good books. Literary associations and art associations have it in their power to disseminate a great deal of knowledge by a series of popular lectures upon topics which are of interest—not only scientific, but upon the theory and practice of art, and the history of literature, its importance, and the necessity of its support by a civilized community.

IT has been found by investigating ancient remains that the common implements of the bronze age, or that period which was one degree higher than that of the stone age, were axes, wedge-shaped for being let into handles, or winged for the application of the handle, or with sockets for its reception, and sickles—small, recurved and intended for cutting off the ears from corn stalks. They possessed bronze gouges, chisels, hammers, and knives, and consequently their carpentering was of a higher order. This bronze was composed of one part of tin to nine of copper. Most of the bronzes were cast, and the moulds carefully designed; the metal was also tempered by hammering, or engraved with various elaborate patterns, or adorned with repousse work.

WHILE it is insisted that a dramatic critic shall possess at least a knowledge of the history of the stage, and a proper style, and above all a critical faculty, the art critic has a license to do as he pleases respecting the vocation he has chosen. Notwithstanding the fact that the public desire earnestly to be taught, and are willing to learn what art is, and what pictures are, the art critic, "when they ask for bread, gives them a stone." Incoherent jargon about styles and tones, and methods, gross ignorance concerning the very elements of art, an inflated style, fine writing, and all the froth of words, characterize the modern art criticism. Even in the best journals and magazines there appear from times to time critiques which are simply ludicrous. It is not possible for a mere literary man who has not devoted his studies in the direction of technical art to write intelligently upon the subject. Archæological knowledge and an understanding of the history and antiquity of painting and sculpture, is not sufficient; the critic must have spent some time in a studio, and handled the brush himself, and made studies from life and the antique, and worked earnestly at the terribly difficult art of drawing, before he attempts to criticise the results of such labors in the works of their brother artists.

THE common sense of the world in wishing is not so bad after all. It generally wishes the best thing and takes care to see that it secures it. If by its wishes it creates new wants, it labors to have these wants gratified. Because it wished speed in business, it enslaved the monster genii of electricity and steam; because it wished the development of truth, pure thought, and free speech, hence the swift printing press. Good, not evil, is the desire of the world, and mankind moves forward to the music of progress, inspired by its wishes and prayers. And as the leafless, snow-burdened branches of December bend themselves moaning and wailing in the blasts of the icy breath of the North, yet despite their agony murmur their desire for the spring and the bud and bird, awakening sunshine and the resurrection of blossom and life, music, color and fragrance, so the spirit of man, bowed down by earth-born misery and wrapped in gloomy vapors, through which he dimly discerns an infinity, ardently desires, and will ever ardently desire with restless glances, eager, wishful ambitions, to scale the heights of knowledge and power, and pant unsatisfied until the revelation of the mystery of the universe is made gloriously apparent, and God answers the why, which man has asked so long with clamorous lips.

CURIOUS CHANCES.

The early fortunes of Torrigiano, a distinguished Italian sculptor, hinged apparently on a blow of his fist. When a fellow-student with Michael Angelo in the gardens of St. Mark, on a dispute one day arising between them, he struck a savage blow, which happened to break his companion's nose. Compelled to quit Florence, he first worked in Rome, and then became a soldier and served under Cesar Borgia. He afterwards obtained great reputation in England as a sculptor.

Catherine II. of Russia, after taking the sceptre from her weak husband, paraded the streets of St. Petersburg sword in hand. A youth named Potemkin, then of a manly appearance, well made and handsome, happened to notice that the sword which the Empress used was without the sword-knot—a mark of distinction attached to the swords of northern commanders—instantly detached his, and presented it with a grace that was highly pleasing to Catherine; and from that day his promotion increased rapidly, until he became her special favorite.

Eliza Rachel, a celebrated French tragedienne, might have dragged out a precarious living by singing in the streets, had not her voice chanced to attract the attention of some connoisseurs, who kindly placed her under the tuition of Charon, a celebrated master. This resulted in her afterward reaping both fame and wealth wherever she appeared.

By a chance circumstance was the famous astronomer Galileo's attention directed to the equal duration of the oscillation of the pendulum. Happening to be one day in the cathedral of Pisa, he remarked the regular and periodical motion of a lamp suspended from the roof of the nave. By repeated experiments he confirmed the fact of the equal duration of its oscillation, and at once comprehended that this phenomenon might be employed to serve as an exact measure of time. Fifty years afterward he made use of this idea for the construction of a clock intended for astronomical observations.

The idea of using gas as being lighter than air for balloons, is said to have been suggested to Jacques Montgolfier by a work of Priestley's. It is also narrated that one day while boiling water in a coffee-pot, the top of which was covered with paper folded in a spherical form, Jacques saw the paper rise and swell, and that thence he took the idea of a light machine made buoyant by inflation, and traversing the air. Ascertaining that a balloon and car could be kept suspended by a supply of heated air, after some experiments Jacques and his brother made a successful ascent at Versailles, in the presence of the royal family and numerous spectators.

The discovery of San Salvador was, we are told, in a measure owing to the flight of some parrots in that direction, which Pinzon, the captain of the caravel Pinta, observing, he induced Columbus to alter his intended course and steer southwest.

Chance in many instances seems to have exercised its sway over the domain of literary and other projects, of which the experience of Sydney Smith may be taken as an illustration. When in Edinburg during the agitated state of society consequent on the promulgation of the principles of the French Revolution, he there became acquainted with Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, and Lord Brougham, all of whom maintained liberal opinions upon political subjects. In his own words: "One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review. This was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburg to edit the first number." In this way the *Edinburg Review* is said to have originated.

Chance works very favorably sometimes in the acquisition of wealth and property for those who least expect such luck. A Versailles wine-shopkeeper was at work in his cellar when suddenly the ground gave way and he fell into what was at first thought to be a well, but on lights being brought, the hole was found to be the entrance to another wine cellar, containing some of the best vintages of France and Spain. The archæologists of Versailles were aroused, and their examination proved that this mysterious subterranean wine cellar formed part of the Pavilion du Rendezvous, which Louis XV. annexed to the Parc-aux-Cerfs, about which so many queer things are related by the court chroniclers of the period. The wine is said to have attracted connoisseurs from all parts.

Lost money has often been regained by the accidental detection of the thief. A French lady not long since frequently missed some of her valuables in the most unaccountable manner. One day her servant fell down stairs and was severely hurt. On acting the good Samaritan and pouring oil into her wounds, the mistress was astonished to find all her lost jewels in the pocket of her maid, who it seems had all the time been the culprit.

But how much oftener accidents contribute to the loss of money, scarcely needs comment. The manner in which a gentleman lost all his winnings at play, is worth repetition as an instance of the fickleness of fate. He had won nine hundred pounds at the "green table" at Monaco, and was only waiting for his laundress to bring his dozen shirts home before he should quit the place. The laundress, however, did not turn up at the appointed time, and to while away the hours he went into the Casino. Of course he played—and not only lost all he had won, but twelve hundred pounds beside, which made him heartily wish that he had left behind the shirts that had cost him one hundred pounds apiece for washing.

Among those who have been most remarkably affected by accidental surprises are the deaf and dumb; and tales of unknown antiquity relate how speech or learning has been recovered or improved in this way. As a case in point: About 1750 a French merchant named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord while some one was playing, and having a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, was agreeably surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. This accident was a happy one, for Jorissen soon learned, by means of a piece of hardwood placed against his teeth, the other end of which was placed against the speaker's teeth, not only to keep up a conversation, but to understand the least whisper.

Other cures have been brought about less by skill than by accidental circumstances. There is a story of a Frenchman who through a sword wound received in a duel suffered from internal abscesses, which forced him to walk in a stooping posture. Some time after, becoming engaged in another affair of honor, this time with pistols, the bullet of his adversary chanced to pass exactly through the abscesses caused by his former wound, which making them discharge, not only relieved him from the stoop, but caused him to walk with rather a stiff carriage ever afterwards.

Not only have some of the ills to which human flesh is heir been cured by accident, but life itself has been preserved from destruction by the same means. When a crowd collected on the bank of the St. Martin Canal in France not long since, it was a lucky thing that a man who lived near was urged by his wife to go and see what was the matter. Upon arriving at the scene of action, he learned that a child had fallen into the water and disappeared. Being an expert swimmer, he plunged in at the spot, marked by a few ripples, and rescued his own son, a lad aged eight, who in playing had slipped over the bank.

The Land of Dress.

Margaret de Valois, sister of Henry III., King of France, was the first to make her influence strongly felt in the costumes of that country. She flourished toward the latter half of the sixteenth century. She had an abundance of beautiful black hair, but, like ladies of more modern times, loved golden locks, and wore wigs of her favorite color. She selected as pages only those lads who had hair of that color, and did not scruple to have it cut off when she wanted a new perruque. She wore a number of gold chains twisted into the hair, and several more around her neck; and in this, as in other fashions, her example was generally followed by the ladies of the nobility and of the bourgeoisie. Among these customs, most of them involving considerable expense, were those of wearing perfumed gloves bordered with fringe, which were not taken off, even at night; masks of black satin or velvet, which were attached to the face by means of a string with a pearl at the end of it, the pearl being held in the mouth; and belts from which were suspended a mirror and a folding fan made of vellum, with a trimming of lace. During her reign in the realm of fashion, sixty-four new shades of color were invented, among them being the "Dying Ape," the "Seven Capital Sins," the "Dead Man to Life Again," and the "Sick Spaniard." The length of the sleeves was so great that it was deemed necessary to invent spoons with very long handles in order that ladies might be able to eat their soup without soiling their dresses.

In the reign of Louis XIII., for the first time after the lapse of several centuries, ladies wore dresses which did not spoil their figures. Those of the old school still retained masks, but the younger ones merely wore veils of black crape, "which served as a relief to the whiteness of their skin." Young and old alike made a plentiful use of perfumes, powder, rouge, and patches cut to imitate stars, flowers and animals. The perfumed gloves, red, green and sky-blue stockings, and morocco shoes of different colors, also continued to be the fashion. There was but little change in the general character of the fashions under Louis XIV., and the ladies continued to wear such low dresses that one of the priests in Paris wrote a book denouncing the practice, being followed by Abbe Boileau, a brother of the poet, who published a book on "The Abuses of Nudity." These efforts were made to no purpose; but Mme. de Maintenon was more successful, and her habit of wearing black lace upon her shoulders was generally followed. In the sixteenth century, the public baths, which had been opened fifty years before, gave rise to such scandals that the police were compelled to close them, and the only baths then existing were those in the hotels of wealthy persons, and the river baths used in the summer. The result was that, at the beginning of Louis XIV.'s reign, the use of baths had gone entirely out of fashion; water was replaced by perfumes, and even the great ladies of the court went a week without washing their hands. The king, who had himself felt the inconveniences arising from a want of baths, had measures taken to reopen them with a due regard to propriety, and all Paris washed and was clean. Up to this time, ladies had always had their hair dressed by their own maids, but henceforward they employed the professional barbers who managed the public baths.

In the eighteenth century France began to copy from other nations, and in 1700 English ladies appeared in Paris with panier dresses, the hoops having a circumference of twelve feet. This fashion gave rise to an incident which created a great commotion both at court and among the nobility, as well as in government circles. According to etiquette the queen when she went to the play was accompanied by two of the royal princesses, who were seated to right and left of her. It was found, however, that the dresses of the two princesses, spread out like fans, concealed the queen from the view of her liege subjects; so Cardinal Fleury decided that for the future the chairs should remain unoccupied. The princesses would only acquiesce in this arrangement upon the condition that there should be a row of vacant chairs between them and the duchesses, who sat in their rear. The husbands of the latter protested against this as an insult to their wives, and published an anonymous pamphlet, which, after being condemned by the Parliament, was burned by the public executioner. During the minority of Louis XV. the ancient mode of dress remained in vogue, but Montesquieu introduced English fashions, and in 1730 the redingote (riding-coat) came out. Adversaries of what was termed Anglomania met the redingote with the habit à la Française, and to show that they were no Puritans, they covered it with gold and silver lace. At this period the ladies dressed in imitation of stage shepherdesses, but as a concession to nature wore straw hats with broad brims. There were as many as forty-five different varieties of wigs; and Dugue, the chief of the hair-dressers, went his rounds in a carriage and pair. Legros published treatises upon his art, founded an academy of hairdressing, and exhibited on the Cours la Reine and the boulevards young women who had "lent their heads," as the saying was, for him to experiment on. Powder was used in such quantities that the Parliament of Paris declared the practice of employing flour in its preparation to be one of the causes which brought about the scarcity of food, while patches and rouge were as fashionable as ever. From this epoch, too, dates the umbrella, the original form of which was the Oriental parasol held by pages over the heads of the great ladies when they went out on foot. The parasol could not be closed, but in 1780 it was modified into its present form.

The first years of Louis XVI.'s reign witnessed a great change in the mode of dress, which became much more simple, that of men in particular. Ladies wore ears of corn in their hats as symbolic of the plenty that was about to prevail, but Queen Marie Antoinette was soon led away by her fondness for ornament, and it became the fashion to deck the hair with diamonds, emeralds, etc., and ostrich feathers a yard long. The circumference of the hoops increased to 17 feet, and in one year as many as 250 different kinds of trimming for dresses were invented. Husbands found it impossible to pay their wives' dressmaking bills. Mme. de Campan, in her memoirs, speaks of "several disputes in families, and painful scenes; everybody said that the queen would be the ruin of the French ladies." Men's dress was more staid, and they wore knee-breeches, long silk waistcoat, shoes with silver buckles, and cocked hat. This was the general mode of dress at the outbreak of the Revolution, since which time many of the old extravagances have ceased.

OUGHT HORSES TO BE SHOD?—The London *Lancet* says: The question whether horses should, or should not, be shod, is again under discussion. Not only is the mode of attaching them by nails injurious to the hoof, but it is the probable, if not the evil cut, cause of many affections of the foot and leg. Whether horses could work on our roads without some protection is another question. We think it would be found that the natural structure would adapt itself to any ordinary requirement. There is, however, a wide difference of opinion upon this point among authorities on horse management, and the problem is not likely to be finally solved until the experiment has been tried.

When once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the peach or plum that you have once pressed in your hand.

Facts Worth Knowing.

The experiments of Mr. G. F. Train upon himself would seem to give some corroboration to the reports of fasting girls that crop up from time to time. In an attempt to prove that eating is merely an acquired habit, he persisted in going without food for six days, and expects in time to be able to do without nourishment for a much longer period. His experiments, he asserts, prove three things: First, that all stories of terrible suffering in starvation are mere nonsense; second, that fasting really improved his intelligence; and third, that a person who has fasted six days has no ravenous appetite. This, however, we should think is accounted for by the sufferer feeling quite past eating at a certain stage of starvation.

A curious instance of the acquisition and rejection of fortune reaches us from New Orleans. A stableman named Pattier, belonging to a hotel in that city, suddenly found himself heir to $15,000 at the death of his mother, yet strange to say refused to accept the money. The law has in vain endeavored to induce him to avail himself of the windfall—his only ambition is to smoke his pipe and groom the horses. To such an instance of contempt for riches it would be difficult to find a parallel.

Some curious facts from the world of Nature crop up occasionally, which are well worthy of consideration. For instance, it has been proved that the bee may under certain circumstances turn out to be anything but the pattern of industry it is proverbially supposed to furnish. Australian colonists have from time to time taken out swarms of bees to their adopted country, in the hope of deriving practical benefit from the profusion of flowers with which the whole country abounds. For a little time the newly imported bees have maintained their reputation for industry, storing up their food in the comfortable hives provided for them, and supplying the colonists with far superior honey to that collected by the indigenous honey-producers, the "melliponos." Presently, however, the hives were discovered unstocked at the end of the autumn, notwithstanding the long summers of the northern parts of Australia, and it was found that the bees entirely neglected to lay by a stock of honey as was their wont. Though the bees increased and the hives were regularly tenanted, no honey was brought home. It soon became evident that, finding the perennial and flowery summer of the tropical parts of Australia afforded them abundance of food, without the intervention of long winters, the bees forsook their old habits, gave themselves up to a life of happy indolence, and no longer took the trouble to convey their superabundant supplies to the hives prepared for them. In short, there being no winters to provide for, the bees gave up the practice of storing honey.

Tenacity of life in cats and cats is proverbial, but from an instance that occurred near Pembroke, England, it appears that the pig may claim to rank with other creatures in this respect. For sixteen days the pig was missing from the farmyard, and as every search failed to reveal it, the conclusion was arrived at that it had been stolen. Some masons who were repairing a brick kiln on the farm one day discovered the animal, which had fallen into the kiln and was unable to extricate itself. Though all that time without food, the pig when rescued was able to eat, and did not seem much the worse for its confinement.

An unexpected friend to man has been discovered in a kind of animalcule engendered by sewage, which prevents the decomposing matter from becoming a dangerous nuisance. An English scientist has discovered that in the sewage-polluted fluids, where the suspended matters are thickest there is going on a silent destruction of the foul matters through the agency of millions of some minute creatures, by some held to be of animal, but by others believed to be of vegetable origin. On examining the muddy fluid through a microscope, it was found to contain myriads of little brown organisms, surrounded with a gelatinous substance. Each specimen was found to be active in its movements and of peculiar shape, being furnished with a belt of cilia around the centre of the body, and with a long transparent and very flexible tail. After death these tiny atoms give off an odor similar to that of seaweed, and change to a green color. During life they evolve bubbles of oxygen gas, which serve to purify the water from the effects of the decomposing matter on which they themselves feed. It is a pity, however, that man, by polluting the rivers with sewage, should stand so much in need of this scavenger.

Canada, we are told, claims to have produced the largest cheese on record. The weight was 7000 pounds; six feet ten inches in diameter, three feet in height, and twenty-one feet in circumference. It required one milking of seven thousand cows, or thirty-five tons of milk, to produce it.

Of numerical curious facts, it may not be uninteresting to note that no less than sixteen different shades of green are understood to be patronized by the fashionable world; and that fifteen persons may dine together a billion times without sitting twice in the same relative position, by merely changing a chair at each dinner. So much for the combination of numbers.

Something About Fans.

The Christian Church made the fan an instrument of worship by giving it a mystic sense. The pilgrims and crusaders returning from the East brought with them this custom, and it was retained in sanctuaries until the end of the thirteenth century, when its use during the holy sacrifice was discontinued. A famous bishop named Swarex thinks that the Holy Apostles invented the use of sacred fans, as St. James the Apostle recommends them in his liturgy. One of these fans, which was preserved to the Abbey of Turnous in 875, is thus described in "The Arts of the Middle Ages:"

"It is a rare and antique piece, formed of a large band of folded vellum; one of the edges is free, the other is plaited and fixed to the upper portion of the handle, so that this band, being opened, forms a small cockade, of which the top of the handle forms the centre. The folded band is closed between strips of sculptured ivory; the handle is of sculptured ivory also. Latin verses in gold on capitals on each side of the leaf are inscribed on zones of violet vellum. Raised golden figures of male and female saints, whose names are inscribed in large letters of the ninth century, are painted between the zones, as well as clusters of Byzantine leaves, mixed with animals and monsters. The subjects of the carvings are taken from Virgil's ecologues."

In Italy, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, fans formed of tufts of feathers were carried. They had ivory and gold handles, very much ornamented, and sometimes enriched with gems. Fans made of the feathers of the ostrich, the peacock, the India raven, the parrot, and other birds, were also used. Ladies tied these large fans by a little chain which served as a belt. This fashion lasted till the seventeenth century. The folded fan was then suspended from the belt.

Johann Maria Farina was the name of the lady who first made and introduced to the world the eau de Cologne. She made Cologne famous, and now Cologne seems determined to make her famous for all time to come. All the manufacturers of Cologne, and it seems to be the main product of the city, proclaim themselves the legitimate successors of the famous Maria, who was gathered to her fathers fifty years ago.

A man wants to see the person against whom he has the greatest reason to guard himself. Let him take a glance at the mirror, and he will have a very fair likeness of the individual he is looking for.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY CLARA WEST JONES.

"Lift back the curtain, sister;
The red sun is sinking fast;
He will not come now. My weeping
And wailing are over at last.

Sobbing? Nay, do not mourn me;
I shall soon be home and at rest,
For the angels were whispering 'round me
While I slept on your tender breast.

The room seemed filled with the splendor
Of their presence so strangely bright;
And they said, Death was but waking
At dawn from the dreams of night.

And one, with a touch so gentle,
From my brow soothed the weary pain,
That I know, as she smiled, our Mother
Had come to her girl again.

She took your place, my sister;
On her heart, it seemed, I lay,
A tired child, and her fond caress,
As of old, chased grief away.

I have only love and pardon
To leave for the one you know.
My one last earthly longing
Is to see him ere I go.

But lift back the curtains, sister;
My grief, like the day, is past.
Over my grave you may tell him
I loved him on—to the last.

Sister——" Was it the sunset
That made the pure face so bright?
"This kiss for my love—for yourself, dear,
This—this—and my last Good Night!"

CASQUE and GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

THE MOTHER AT LAST FOLLOWS HER CHILD.

The business with the lawyer being arranged, Hombert returned to his home. The quiet, confident manner of the old lawyer had inspired him with a better spirit than he had cherished for many a day. It was his custom to keep his hopes to himself until he was reasonably certain of their fulfilment, rather than to weary his family with many disappointments. On this occasion, however, he deemed it wise to prepare Nell and her mother for important happenings during the coming week. Still, he would do this without raising false hopes.

"I shall make some important movements next week," he said to them as they sat at tea. "You must be on your guard against surprise at anything you chance to hear."

Mrs. Gardnill perfectly understood his motive in speaking thus, and was satisfied to await the events. Had Nell not shut herself out from his confidence, she might have known all by merely disclosing to him the anxiety his well meant caution brought her. But there was a barrier between them, and whenever he had tried to pass it he had been repulsed with such pain that such attempts had ceased. Thus Nell was left to the distress of her own surmises.

The effect of this was remarkable. The expression of her face became almost that of alarm. Soon she was uneasy and fretful. Nevertheless, when her husband, during the evening, looked up suddenly, he found her watching him intently and with a look which to him betokened a sad yearning. At last he spoke, out of his grieving, longing heart:

"Nell, are there not happier days coming for us?"

It was characteristic that she should make an offence of this utterance, which was meant to kindly open the way to a better confidence between them.

"I make you very unhappy; I hope I shall not always trouble you," she made answer.

It was hopeless. He gave up in despair, as had often before.

Next morning, when Hombert awoke, Nell was not to be seen. As he looked about the room, his eyes fell upon several little articles of her toilette which he knew she habitually wore about home. The door of a closet stood open, and he saw that some of her clothing was gone from it. A fear began to creep over him. He rose hastily and dressed, and then went through the house. Nell was nowhere to be found. He knocked at Mrs. Gardnill's door. She could give no information, but was apparently much alarmed when he told her the object of his search.

He turned away to face the pitiless truth as best he might. The catastrophe which had begun with the raising of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, was complete! Nell had vanished as suddenly as her child had gone, and left as little trace.

He was robbed of wife and child; the very extremity of misfortune had come. Not even the outward semblance of peace between them was longer possible. His sorrow and his shame were to be bandied about on the tongues of common gossip-mongers.

At the moment when his hopes were strongest, the final calamity had come. For months he had hardened himself to bear his wife's estrangement. To what purpose now was all this painful effort? He gave way for a time to bitter thoughts, and this was the bitterest of all—that his troubles were as useless as his struggles to keep to his duty in spite of them.

Mrs. Gardnill was prostrated by humiliation at her daughter's conduct. But she was also indignant, with a sense of personal injury and degradation at the hands of her child. Her heart was wrung by the sight of the man's silent agony, but she could not restrain her tongue entirely.

"Oh, that you should be treated so by a child of mine, John!" she exclaimed—"the ungrateful——"

"Hush, mother!" he commanded sternly—"she is your child, but she is my wife! No one must denounce her in my presence! You cannot separate my honor from her. At least I am not ready to give that up, whatever the appearances may be. I must find her; I must know what has impelled her to this. Yes—I must find both my lost ones, God help me!"

Strong as the man was, he was not steel or stone. He broke down, and turned from her to hide his weakness.

CHAPTER XIV.

OPERATORS PRETTY EVENLY MATCHED.

Gardnill remained all night at the hiding-place of the half-breed. The evening he occupied with covert suggestions that were admirably calculated to foster the woman's new awakened hatred of Jeek. But in truth there was little need to do that. Passion travels fast, and this woman was wholly given over to her hate, as she was habitually to one passion or another. The old man had no idea of the lengths to which his new ally was capable of going, nor of the rapidity with which she passed from a bad mood to others more desperate.

However, Gardnill was puzzled to know what to do with his victory. Unless he could provoke an irreparable breach between the half-breed and the lawyer, he feared that the restoration of Nell's child would simply turn Jeek's attention and efforts wholly to the prosecution of the Indian claim.

All hope of personal profit from either of the lawyer's schemes had left the old man long ago. He only remembered his degradation, the falsity of the expectations raised, and the further shame to come from the pressing of the claim in behalf of Leela.

The half-breed was sitting before the fire, brooding upon her revenge, when the old man left her and sought his bunk in the further corner of the shanty. She might have sat there all night, for aught he knew, for he was exhausted and soon fell asleep.

In the morning, Leela was stirring when he awoke. However she passed the night, she had decided upon a plan of action, and the old man, on the contrary, was still puzzled. An old man not quite clear as to what he should do, stood a small chance of controlling a resolute woman like this one, fully determined, and urged on by a hate as violent as ever a human breast nourished.

"You stay here to-day!" she commanded as soon as Gardnill made his appearance. "I'm going over to send word to Jeek."

"What word?"

"Never mind. Word that will bring him fast enough."

"Are you going to bring him here?"

"I don't know. Something may happen to him afore he gets here."

There was a deadly malice in this speech—the malice which is an ingredient of murder.

"What shall I stay here for?" asked the old man doubtingly.

"To see that no one gets hold o' the young un. You keep it till I come back, and take care!"

Hitherto she had left Nell's child with a half grown Indian girl; but it had suddenly grown precious.

There was nothing more to be got out of the woman, who almost immediately took her departure, going through the woods with rapid strides which soon put her out of sight. Gardnill had scarcely had time to consider whether he should stay or not, when he was thus left alone with a new problem—What should he do with the child, upon which every movement of the plotters seemed to turn, and which was now in his hands?

In two hours, Leela was in Millfield, and quickly had her summons to Jeek on the way, in the manner that had been agreed upon between them in case of need. But, to make the response more certain, she added to the set form of the message, so as to impress the lawyer with the belief that the occasion was a very extraordinary one.

It was a verbal communication, transmitted through a third party—a plan of the cunning lawyer's contriving. He would receive the call that night, and the woman expected him to respond in person the next day.

Having dispatched the call, Leela might have returned without delay to her hiding. But she had other errands to do, and in one of these a little circumlocution was involved. She had to find a white man who would buy for her a quart of liquor on condition of sharing it equally; it was forbidden to sell to Indians. Then she purchased, herself, a small paper of stuff which the druggist very carefully labelled "Poison."

These preparations were prompted by the woman's white blood. The preparation suggested by her Indian blood she made at a hardware shop. It was the procurement of a long knife.

In doing all this, Leela was walking about the town for an hour or more.

Among the other persons who had come to Millfield that morning, was John Hombert. It was the day of his appointment with the old lawyer, when the complaint for conspiracy was to be made. Though much upset by the new disaster of Nell's flight, he would not neglect a movement that promised something in the way of getting at little Elsie—more particularly, as this might be the best way to find Nell, for Hombert had faith in her maternal affection, and believed she would go to her child if she could.

Passing along the street on his way to the lawyer's office, Hombert came suddenly face to face with Leela. He stopped involuntarily, surprised; she went by with a scowl.

Two minutes afterward, Hombert told the old lawyer of the meeting.

"This may be fortunate," said the man of law. "We may as well have her now. Step into the justice's office and swear to this complaint, Mr. Hombert. Everything is ready. James, run out and find Jacob Casey."

James was a young man who read law in the office for the privilege of serving as errand-boy. Casey was a constable. The young man had the constable in attendance almost as soon as the warrant was signed.

"Casey, do you know the Indian woman who used to live with the Gardnills here?" asked the lawyer.

"Jeek's Indian?"

"The same, doubtless."

"Yes—I know her."

"She is in town. Can you find her?"

"I guess so. Saw her not ten minutes ago."

"Take this warrant and bring her in. Say nothing about the other parties named in it. There is a trifle more than your regular fees in this, Casey, if you don't let her slip you."

"All right, sir. She won't get away, if she hasn't gone a'ready."

Half an hour later, Leela was marched into the justice's office, with all her preparations for meeting Jeek upon her—not in sight, of course. Sullen and stolid as usual.

"What is this for?" she demanded as she confronted the justice.

"Didn't you read her the warrant?" the justice asked the constable.

"She wouldn't let me."

"No, I wouldn't," Leela assented. "If I have to be brought here, I'll find out here!"

The justice took the warrant and read the material portions. Leela's eyes flashed ominously when the name of Jeek was read in connection with her own. This proceeding gave her a new idea. There might be something in it better than what she had bought at the druggist's and the cutlery dealer's. But she must be certain about it.

"What'll be done with us?" she asked.

"If the charge is proved, the punishment will be severe."

"Jail?"

"Yes."

"All of us alike?"

"Yes, if all are guilty."

"Does it make any difference who took the young un and who stood back and told 'em to?"

"No—not in this charge."

"One can't get away by putting it on the other?"

"No."

"Then it's true! Every word! And more!"

"Be careful! What you say will be used against you."

"It's true! Swear me on it!"

"You had better have counsel. This is a serious matter."

"Swear me on it! Swear me on it!"

They were astonished at her vehemence and persistence. But then they did not know the preparations she had made for meeting Jeek.

Hombert's counsel came in to see this extraordinary prisoner. He sounded her by saying that all they desired was the return of the child; if she would give that up, the case would be dropped. Would they all get off then? she asked. Yes—all would get off. Then she would not tell where the child was; they took it, and they had it now, but she would not tell.

The old lawyer read the woman at once. He announced the next movement to Hombert thus:

"Have no dealings at all with rogues if you can avoid it. But, if you are compelled to deal with them, don't overweight yourself with nice scruples, or they, having none at all to bother them, will run away with you. I am going to make this woman the only offer that will effect our purpose."

He was right in his calculation at least, for his next offer met Leela's views the instant she understood it. In brief, this was the situation and the offer as he presented them:

Unless the child was recovered, they did not care to go on with the prosecution. If Leela would deliver up the little girl, they would in return press the case and use her as a State's witness, giving her an opportunity to tell her whole story against the others, if she wished to punish them. Nothing could be promised her for turning witness; but it was the policy of the law to encourage conspirators to turn upon each other. At all events, this was the surest way to bring the guilty parties to justice. She might do this, or let it alone; if the latter, then the prosecution would stop.

Leela took the bait greedily. The surest way was what she wanted; she cared very little about the other points suggested, but she would make a certainty of degrading Jeek with the instruments of his own profession. Let the law lock up and shame the lawyer!

She told them that Jeek would be in the town the next day, on his way to their rendezvous, and she wanted them to pounce upon him then. This was promised, and in Leela's presence the warrant was given to the constable with strict orders not to let his man escape through the town.

Upon this, the woman agreed to lead a party next day to the hiding-place of the child, that its father might at once recover it. Meantime she was quite content to remain in the custody of the officer, being abundantly sustained by the expectation of seeing the object of her hate in jail when she returned from the expedition to get the child.

Not to lose any possible chance, Hombert's counsel caused the warrant to be served on Mr. Morrick at once. That person appeared immediately; but even so benevolent and forgiving a man could not show to advantage then, for he was in doubt whether he ought to be very indignant, or to treat the affair as if it were too ridiculous to excite anger.

"I don't see the complainant—that is, my friend John," said Mr. Morrick, trying to smile as if the present business was an excellent joke between himself and his friend John, and he was about to divulge it for the delectation of the company.

"Mr. Hombert will not fail to appear when the case comes to a hearing, sir!" the old lawyer answered.

This was too serious a speech to encourage smiling. Morrick went at once to the other tack:

"Really, I must say that this is a most outrageous proceeding on the part of a young man I once attempted to take by the hand at a critical junc——"

The justice interrupted:

"The proceeding is perfectly regular, Mr. Morrick."

Thus cut off, Morrick had only to enter bail and go his way.

During the occurrence of these events, there was sneaking about the scene a burly fellow with the muscles of an ox and the conscience of a cat, and just wit enough to make mischief. This fellow did not care to come too near people who administered the law; but he managed so as to get possession of the fact that Leela was arrested, that she was afterward in conversation with Hombert's counsel, and that she was not a close prisoner. Having learned this, the burly fellow took the next train for Port Sangus, where was the residence of Jeek.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STRUGGLES OF DESPAIRING NELL.

When Hombert's wife left her home in the gray dawn, she had apparently no well-settled purpose or plan of action. She took with her only a small satchel containing a very few feminine indispensables. Her dress was a warm and serviceable one for either walking or riding, but she had no wraps, nor any of the other little impediments with which ladies burden themselves when traveling.

She left the house very cautiously—on foot, of course—and took her old route out of the town to Bass Lake, where she had so often walked with Elsie.

About that place she lingered for a short time, walking back and forth along well-remembered paths. Often she stopped and wrung her hands in a despairing way; and looked intently at the path, as if she might wring from the senseless earth which Elsie's feet had trod, some clue to guide her in the attempt she was about to make.

At length she seemed to decide upon her course. Instead of returning to Hardston, she struck across the country to a farmhouse, where she procured a conveyance to the next railway station, and there she took the train for Millfield.

This was Saturday morning.

On the train, and when alighting at the Millfield station, she was closely veiled, and was recognized by no one.

Going quickly through the streets, she passed her old home, went on into the forest beyond, and was out of sight of the townspeople, if any had known her and cared to watch.

All that day she was traversing paths over which she had often gone with Leela in the old times. More than one of their favorite resorts, little known to others, she visited and examined carefully for traces of recent occupancy.

At night she sought a settler's shanty in the forest, and slept on the floor of its one room. In the morning she resumed her travels, going to the most distant points that she and the half-breed were wont to frequent.

This was Sunday morning.

Nell's forest training at the hands of Leela served her well. Not a path had she forgotten; there was no blind woodmark in the way of a guide that she failed to find and understand. She found everything, it seemed, but what she was looking for. Both Sunday and Monday were passed in this search.

When night approached she was nearer to another railway station than to Millfield. To this other station she made her way, and obtained lodging.

Next day she waited for a train. It was late before she got one, and darkness had fallen when she reached her destination, Port Sangus.

This was Tuesday night.

Next morning she began her business by inquiring for the office of Mr. Janus Jeek. She did not find him there, and then sought out his residence. Jeek was not at home, but his wife was.

Mrs. Jeek was in a condition of unusual nervous excitement before the arrival of her visitor. Some news received by the lawyer the night previous had put him in the vilest of his tempers—that is, his treatment of his wife was as much worse than simple brutality as a talking and thinking brute can be worse than a dumb and unthinking one.

Nell was exhausted, as well from her three days of wild searching in the woods, as from the anxiety of her quest, increasing as success seemed to recede further from her grasp.

Then the two women encountered one another for the first time. Each was suspicious of the other at once. Their greetings were remarkably brief. Nell asked for Jeek, and was told he was not at home; could not say when he would be—had gone out of town on business. Thereupon the following ensued:

"Am I speaking to Mrs. Jeek?" Nell asked—a matter of form, for she did not expect to find any other woman in Jeek's house.

"You are, madam."

"I am Mrs. Hombert."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, madam. I must see your husband. I have most pressing business with him."

"If he had known of your coming, he would, no doubt, have been at home."

"I presume you could tell me as well what I wish to know"—rather conciliating in tone.

"My husband transacts his own business."

"Mine is hardly professional business. Doubtless you are in his confidence enough to know as much as I wish to be told."

This put Mrs. Jeek to one of two courses. She must retort in kind, or show that she had her husband's confidence. She chose the former, and said:

"You are very good! Pray let me ask how far you have your husband's confidence—about the offer to give up your child, for instance."

It was a strong hit—Hombert had said not a word at home about the shameful temptation at the hands of Morrick. Nell burned to know what was meant, but restrained herself, and said:

"It was about my child I came here. Mr. Hombert has spared us many details of his futile attempts to recover it, I admit."

Nell would have softened completely here; but, with a woman's relentlessness, the other went on:

"Yes, madam. Though you are kind enough to intimate that I hold no confidence of my husband's, I can tell you what your husband has not told. He was offered his child on the simple condition of taking it away—and leaving you!"

"When?" gasped Nell, in terror. She thought the offer might be pending—John might even then be accepting it.

"Weeks ago," replied Mrs. Jeek, carelessly.

"What did he—what did he say?"

"He did not listen to a vile Indian hussy at any rate!"

These sharp blows took Nell's breath away.

The other continued:

"He did not betray himself and you to those who are working to separate you!"

Nell gave way to her remorse and fear. She flung herself at the feet of Mrs. Jeek, crying:

"Oh, tell me! tell me! Oh, if you did but know! I have not been what you think! I have not! I have not! Tell me what he said!"

"I don't know what he said, further than that he did not accept the offer," answered Mrs. Jeek coldly, and not caring to conceal her contempt.

But Nell's heat was greater than the other's coldness. Clinging to the lawyer's wife she poured out a torrent of fervid thanks for the assurance. She even bemoaned her own unworthiness, and finally she kissed Mrs. Jeek passionately—words as rapid and as hot as ever a woman uttered being entirely inadequate.

This style of attack was so novel to Mrs. Jeek in the light of her experience with the man whose name she bore—that it found her quite defenceless. Nell was suddenly encircled by the other's arms, and there were two weeping women who were friends.

Then followed an hour spent in such confidence as sorrowing women have.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RING FINGER.—How often are we asked the reason for the ring being usually placed upon the fourth finger. The ring-finger is more or less protected by the other fingers, and it owes to this circumstance a comparative immunity from injury, as well, probably, as the privilege of being selected to bear the ring in matrimony. The left hand is chosen for a similar reason; a ring placed upon it being less likely to be damaged than it would be upon the right hand. The ancients, however, are said to have selected it from a notion that the ring-finger is connected with the heart by some means or some particular nerve or vessel, which renders it more favorable for the reception and transmission of sympathetic impressions, the left hand being selected because it lies nearer the heart, but of course the anatomist finds no structure to account for this strange impression.

CHARITY IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Before the Reformation, in England, there were no poor-rates: the charitable doles given at the religious houses and the church ale in every parish did the business. In every parish there was a church-house, to which belonged spits, pots, &c., for dressing provisions. Here housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there, too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at the butts, &c., There were few or no almshouses before the time of Henry VIII; that at Oxford, was one of the most ancient in England. In every church was a poor-box, and also at great fans.

HE NEVER KNEW IT.

BY P. R. D.

It was at one of the most popular of the ocean watering places, Atlantic City. The season was fairly under way, and on all sides Pleasure opened her many avenues to her votaries.

At this spot the usual associations of surf and beach are generally sufficient to render most young people romantic, but it seems Art and Nature sometimes combine to heighten the effect. Many an individual who has but a moderate opinion of his own strength of character, would laugh at foam capped waves and shelving sands as instruments in the hands of Fancy to overthrow his common sense, but bring him in contact with these when aided by the sentimental light of the full moon, and the gentle influences of music and the dance, and it may be regarded as a moral certainty, that if there is a lady in the case he will, metaphorically speaking, flop down on his knees and offer her his heart regardless of consequences.

This is a truism that experience shows as immutable as the ocean itself.

Under some such aggregation of terrestrial and celestial conditions, Meta Hardinge met Alban Hirtz. There was a "hop" at the hotel where they were both staying, and having become acquainted some days previously, as was natural, in the course of the evening they waltzed together, and soon—so far as conversation might indicate—became quite intimate.

Let astronomers talk as they will, they cannot deny planetary influence over human action. If Diana's silver face just then had not slipped coquettishly from behind a cloud and peeped at itself in the blue waters below, Meta would hardly have answered as she did. But she saw by its light that many couples were out promenading, and when he asked did she object to a walk, she readily answered:

"Not in the least! The heat of this room is almost stifling. I am only too willing."

Her careful mother saw her leaving, leaning on Hirtz's arm, but as the young man's standing financially and socially was excellent, like a good matron she simply breathed an aspiration matrimony wards in her child's behalf, and left them to the agency of the moonlight and the waves.

Doubtless neither, as they felt the sand sink in moist protestation beneath their feet had much thought of anything in particular. History in a few cases records otherwise, but twenty and twenty-one year old representatives of the sexes seldom bother themselves with heavy deliberations. The sea is a vast subject, but it apparently offered no conversational suggestion; the waters roaring beside them, despite their noise, had just as little inspiration; but the moon was there and saved them.

"What a splendid, beautiful, bright night it is, Mr. Hirtz; I have been on the beach frequently by moonlight, but it never seemed so glorious before."

It was Meta that spoke. This, however, might be inferred; as, if it were not for girls of her age, thousands of first-class adjectives would grow rusty and obsolete for want of use.

"It is very beautiful, indeed," he replied. "To-night is such a night as poets love. I almost think it profanation to dance at such a time as this."

The allusion to the poets was a lucky hit. Moon, sea and waves were instantly swallowed in a gulf of gossip that hid them completely from sight. Like Macbeth's vision, the whole line of English versifiers slipped from their graves and marched in review before them by moonlight, as it were. Sometimes they limped fearfully, it is true, and there was often an untamed wildness about their admirer's quotations and authorities, but on the whole they offered excellent assistance, and the pair got on very well.

But Homer was said to nod at times, and the gifted children of Apollo on this occasion returned to their cerements long before cock-crow. Then one of those indefinable calms that often presage misery, fell upon the talkers. Despite their surroundings, the stillness was as oppressive as though they were in a tomb.

But the moon, the forgiving orb they had so sadly neglected, or at least but deigned to notice in some casual line from the Bard of Avon or Byron, again lent a helping hand. They had now reached the extreme end of the promenade.

"How very useful the moon is, Mr. Hirtz, apart from its beauty. I do not so much refer to its truly being the 'torch of night' here as in the cities. There where the majority of mankind, together with the lamps, are out all night, its value is incalculable."

She said this in a half serious half bantering tone that sounded so awfully knowing to the young man that he was almost induced to plead ignorance of any of the facts alleged. He modified his resolve, however to a confession that he knew as a rule the lamps were out all night generally in the cities, and therefore the moon was really a sort of utilitarian institution.

By the aid of this luminary, therefore, like the waters before them, they managed to turn the tide when the talk was at the lowest ebb, till they arrived near the hotel. But it would be impossible to state the tremendous mortal revolution she had been calmly shining down upon during the last hour. Cupid's arrows had been flying as dense as her own beams, and figuratively might be said to have skewered each heart as thickly as the quilled porcupine.

Each felt the other was beloved. Love is often pictured as a boy, but he sometimes takes strides with the giant's seven-leagued boots. He had hovered over that fair couple, and, his quiver spent, almost without their knowledge, had meshed their twin souls with his silken ribbons in the truest of true lover's knots.

They were weary of mundane things when they reached the hotel balcony. The noisy, dusty, kerosene-y air of dissipation in the ball-room disgusted them. Heaven had sent them its choicest fruit in first love, and they yearned for solitude.

"No, I will not go in again!" was her response to her mother's request; "I am too tired."

A happy light lit up the eyes of the youth beside her. Like himself she was flying in the empyrean, and wanted to be alone to gloat.

"May I hope to see you to-morrow?" he nervously inquired, as he tremblingly took her hand at parting.

No need for an answer.

"She raised her eyes, her only answer there"

showed him the futility of words.

It were almost useless to describe the course of their tender attachment. A higher destiny moulds these, our earliest passions, out of its purest material, and with slight modifications one will stand for all. Each felt the earth were paradise with the other, but without——!

All, however, must part. The season was not nearly over, though had it lasted for centuries it could not cement more firmly their trusting, faithful hearts. Such at least was the tenor of their conduct.

One day a telegram came for Mr. Hirtz. He read it hurriedly, and his face blanched.

"I must return home immediately," he remarked to the hotel clerk. "Have my baggage sent to me. I have but fifteen minutes to catch the train."

In this the worst was a sense of a great sorrow—separating from Meta.

He sent a message to her mother's room. They were not in and would not return till night. Agony! He must leave without an interview. The thought of the Postoffice Department, however, with its mail facilities, consoled him, and he departed half satisfied.

Whatever he did in the way of letter writing to assuage his own and his darling's grief can hardly be known, as there is not likely to be any breach-of-promise suit. But it is certain that with the end of summer came the idlers from forest, mount, and ocean, and among them those from Atlantic.

It was a pleasant fall afternoon and thousands of promenaders were on Chestnut street. Alban Hirtz was there also. A lover of fair-faces, he glanced at a pretty girl passing. He had an idea he had seen her somewhere, but for his life he could not imagine where.

She, however, "cut him dead," and he never knew who it was.

It was Meta Hardinge!

So much for the young love that breaks hearts.

FLATTERING UNCTION.—And in what lay the simplicity of olden times? Said simplicity is a myth. In those days, the dresses of those who could afford it were more attractive than anything which the present age can show. The ruffles, frills, silk stockings, swords, silver knee and shoe buckles, perukes, topknots, high-heeled shoes, and a thousand other expensive devices of attire, make modern costumes simplicity itself by comparison. In manners and customs it seems like a joke to speak of the simplicity of the olden times, when the most ridiculous ceremonies were practiced in the first circles of society, and imitated by all the rest. Writers and orators tell us we are pursuing the high road of extravagance, but the fact is our forefathers, with all their virtues, travelled it quite as often and recklessly as do their posterity. The idea that our race is tending to decline is the merest nonsense. We are progressing as fast as humanity can progress.

FACE-TIAE

"A cool wave"—Flourishing a chunk of ice.

"A full ticket"—All the candidates drunk.

"A suspension of judgment"—Hanging a man.

"Doubtful weather"—A person who is uncertain what to do.

The story of the weather guage at present is one of high degree.

It sets Chicago half crazy to think that St. Louis beat her in cases of sun-stroke.

The Ship of State just now, in the popular acceptation, is the beer-schooner.

The value of early rising is seen in the height lately attained by the thermometer.

Before resolving on taking an extra nap these mornings it is well to consult the flies.

Some Chicago papers are beginning to publish marriages under the head of "Limited Partnerships."

Frederick the Great used to spend considerable time poring over books. That is, he never reigned but he pored.

A musical manufacturer was charged with having made a horse-fiddle, and he answered that it was a "base fabrication."

If women were to become reporters, newspapers, instead of "By Telegraph," etc., would have to announce "By Keyhole," or "By Back Fence."

Rotten eggs can be spoiled, and as the electioneering and stump-speech season is near at hand people should commence to make their collections.

Another objection that every moral man may allege against the mosquito, is the promiscuous tendency of both sexes of the tribe to remain out so late at night.

It is no doubt true that many things go to show that the habit of men telling the truth to their wives under all circumstances died out with George Washington.

The majority of the Americans having had their heads sandpapered for the summer, Sitting Bull is waiting for autumn so as to begin business with long hair.

Col. Ingersoll has gone to Europe to prepare a lecture on Robert Burns. Unfortunately, with the heat at 130 in the shade, this misfortune is not confined to Robert.

The proverbial connection of the "swallow" with the summer is not thoroughly understood until it is known to what extent this bird frequents sample-rooms during the hot season.

It now looks as though the recent burning of the 80,000 models in the Patent Office at Washington was a merciful dispensation of Providence to make room for the productions of Mr. Edison.

A young man in Cincinnati lost his bride the other day. She smelt whisky in his breath and left him at the altar. It is the general belief that if her example becomes any way common it will result in the practical abolition of marriage.

A man cannot tell whether he will die without committing murder, or at least feel like doing it, until he writes something for a paper and beholds it in print with the typographical and other improvements which it is usual for the intelligent compositor to make in it.

We can see the propriety of Mr. Tomb being an undertaker, and nothing can be fitter than that Mr. Sheets should deal in cottons. But that Mr. Woodmender should be a shoemaker puzzles us; and we are absolutely alarmed when Mr. Butscher hangs out his shingle with "Doctor" on it.

Winter is the best time to make love, as most young men can't help but feel the impropriety, not to say discomfort, of quoting poetry and comparing her to the angels, when he distinctly observes her necessity of using three handkerchiefs, as well as her unengaged sleeve, to heal off the perspiration.

It is the belief of some philosophers that all human action is reducible to mathematical terms and conditions, but they would confess that it is out of the possibilities of figures to calculate the movements of an excited darkey with a razor, at an excursion, when he finds his girl talking to another fellow.

When a person is compelled to use a paraphrase instead of the exact term in mentioning anything, it is a proof of his comparative unfamiliarity with it. This may be a fact, but there are few men who have ever been guilty of referring to a cork screw as something that looks like a gimlet

In cases of doubt and where the ability to discriminate is still present, the following simple rule will suffice: If the problem is whether you have been struck by lightning or kicked by a mule, it should be known that the electic theory is only applicable if it takes place during a storm, while the other agency is always in active operation.

ASIATIC CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and all Affections of the Bowels, incident to either children or adults, are cured at once by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It allays the irritation and calms the action of the stomach, and being pleasant to the taste, is an acceptable remedy to the youngest in the family.

A CITY GRAVEYARD.

BY C. LEON DUMPER.

I.

Requiescat! God's acre compassed by the din
And brawling blare of street and alley, city sin
And squalor! Happy rest the dead and safe within!

II.

A steam mill all the day in cloud and restless roar
And whirl, on one side throws a chilling shadow o'er
The weed-entangled graves, quiescent evermore.

III.

The claws of long dead vines are clutching cold dead wall,
And creepers, cancelling epitaphs, good words, and all
The dates and ages on the slabs, 'mid lichens crawl!

IV.

But spite of gloom and spite of noise in lane and street,
A glory and a music of its own, most weird and sweet,
God's acre hath! A sacred muse, full, complete.

V.

For whistling whirr of steam, and engine roar and crush
Can ne'er with artless carols hymned by early robins clash;
Nor can the buzzing mill the bumbling bees abash!

VI.

A sacred glory! For the languid lavish spring
A rain of blossoms in the dawn of green doth bring;
And buttercups and butterflies with vivid wing!

VII.

And summer: venturesome wild roses climb the wall—
The prodigal wild roses, scattering petals all
On the barren graves, where dead leaves ought to fall!

VIII.

The alley children flock around the gate and peer
With squalid, wond'ring faces at the quiet here,
To sip the honeyed clover's balmy atmosphere!

IX.

Requiescat! God's acre sleepeth most profound—
A honey sleep: and spite of brawling blare around
From street and alley, all the happy dead sleep sound!

SWEET IS TRUE LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILDRED TREVANION," &c.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.

"Darling," Warrenne went on, possessing himself of both her hands, and speaking quickly, vehemently, "it is soon, I know, to tell you this; but I love you, and waiting years could not increase my love. I hold you in my heart as I never yet held any woman—for I place my whole future happiness humbly at your feet. Will you not speak to me, Katherine, and hold out to me some hope?"

Miss Blount withdrew her hands, and sat down on the deep, old-fashioned window-seat; it seemed very hard to her just then to tell this man who looked so terribly in earnest that he could never be anything more to her than a mere friend.

"I am sorry," she began faintly, but he interrupted her hurriedly.

"For heaven's sake do not begin like that!" he implored. "Do not answer me at all, Katherine, but take a little time to think, before you decide on telling me what must render my entire life intensely happy or unspeakably bitter. Take until to-morrow; and promise me that you will not condemn me hastily, but will for one night at least reflect seriously on what I have said."

Archibald Blount was coming slowly towards them through the long dark room on which the darkness seemed to Mark Warrenne to have fallen heavily, and the girl had only just time to whisper, "I promise you to-morrow," when he came up to them.

"What! Going so soon, Sir Mark?" he exclaimed, with his pleasant, well-bred smile. "Have I frightened you away? Well, good-night; you have a charming evening for your walk;" and he shook the young man heartily by the hand, while he formed in the same moment at a glance a pretty accurate estimate of how matters stood.

"Katherine," he said, when Sir Mark was fairly gone, "will you come into my study before I go to bed, and copy out a business letter for me? I am so sick of writing myself."

"I will be with you in an instant," Miss Blount answered as he turned to seek his private apartment again, whither she followed him shortly afterwards, only pausing to say a passing word to Blackwood as she met him in the hall.

"Where are you off to, Tita?" he asked kindly, stopping the little figure as it was flitting past him.

"To copy a letter for papa," she told him. "And you are going, I suppose, to smoke a last cigar? Well, in that case, I will bid you good-night now, Blackwood, as in all probability I shall not see you again."

"Good-night, my love," he answered very sadly, helping her hands fast for a moment as though undecided as to whether or not he would ask her a question that lay very close to his heart to night; but after an instant's reflection, he resolved to be silent, and dropping her hands suddenly, went on his way with an impatient sigh.

"I will be true to him," the girl murmured with loving earnestness to herself, as she went into the study and sat down to write out the letter Archibald Blount had laid before her.

CHAPTER XII.

It certainly did strike Katherine, while occupied upon it, that the business matter contained in the sheet before her was by no means worth the trouble of copying; but she went on steadily with her task nevertheless, until she had reached the end and signed the name, when her father suddenly broke in upon her silence by saying:

"Did Sir Mark propose to you this evening, Katherine.

"Yes, sir," Miss Blount answered, raising her eyes, and wondering what was coming next.

"And you—what did you say?" Archibald asked, gently as ever, although it was with difficulty he restrained the nervous trembling of his voice, as he remembered the young man's hasty departure and his daughter's well-known impulsiveness. Good Heavens! Could it be possible that she had been mad enough to refuse the offer?

"He asked me to wait until to-morrow before I gave him a decided answer," the girl replied in a low, clear tone; "so of course I said I would; but when to-morrow does come I shall certainly refuse him."

"Just so," Mr. Blount said quietly, almost dreamily. Yet a heavy load seemed lifted from his heart, and he roused himself to breathe more freely, and put into execution a little plot he had been cherishing whereby to change the current of his daughter's intentions; but first he would try what argument could do. "Of course, that is quite your own affair, and I dare say you have your reasons," he went on in the careless, uninterested tones in which one might address an utter stranger, when seeing him going wilfully and blindly on the road to destruction—"quite your own look-out from beginning to end; but why you have taken it into your usually clear head to refuse Sir Mark Warrenne, I cannot conceive. He is well-bred, handsome, and as honorable a young fellow as one could meet with, besides being extremely well off; and in every respect a most suitable match for your beauty. What is your reason?"

"I do not love him," Katherine said, decisively, knitting her brows and looking straight before her.

"You do not—what?" Archibald asked in a tone of mingled incredulity and wonder, almost comical in its perfect astonishment, that to a mere looker-on must have appeared infinitely amusing. In truth, he was as intensely amused himself as it was in his nature to be. That anybody should allow such a secondary consideration as love to interfere with the possession of fourteen thousand a year seemed to him about as comical an idea as he had ever heard.

"I do not love him," his daughter repeated, if such a thing were possible, more firmly this time, still with a frown on her fair forehead and the same steady look into space.

"Now is my time," thought her companion, changing his position as well as his tactics, and facing her with a look upon his face she had never before beheld there.

"Katherine," he began very earnestly, "I had hoped there would never have been any necessity for telling you what I am about to disclose, but, seeing that you are wilfully, and for no earthly reason, about to throw away a chance that Providence alone could have sent you just now, I think it is only my duty to tell you the fact that, unless within three months I get some help, this house with all it contains will be sold above my head, leaving me and you beggars upon the face of the earth."

"Papa!" Miss Blount ejaculated faintly, every particle of blood receding from her face.

Her father had risen from his seat at the conclusion of his speech, and was now pacing up and down the polished boards of the library, seemingly in deep agitation. And without doubt he was agitated—more so than even he himself could have conceived possible at the beginning of the conversation—though from a very different cause from that which he described.

The old Manor was as secure over his head now as it had been at any time for the last ten years, which certainly was not saying much for it. Archibald being quite unable to remember when he had been free from debt; but the very idea of this girl, for the sake of a mere whim, allowing fourteen thousand a year to slip through her fingers, made his very blood run cold.

"You alone could have saved me," he went on, heedless of her faint interruption: "with the fame of your husband's wealth, my creditors would have become less importunate. I should have gained time; and Sir Mark, no doubt, could have given me some necessary assistance. But, if you cannot say 'yes' to the truest gentleman I know, of course there is little more to be said. It is a subject upon which I should not dream of coercing you, but for your own sake, if not for mine, reflect before it is too late. If I sink, you must of necessity sink with me, as we both sail in the same boat; but for me it makes less difference, my sands being nearly run, though I confess it does seem hard to commence my life again with my gray hairs."

The last blow was a skilful touch. Miss Blount rose, pale and in deep distress. It was odd, now that the nerves of both were unstrung, what a wonderful likeness existed between them.

"What can have happened?" she asked, her voice trembling painfully. "Has it really gone so far? Can nothing be done to save you?"

"Nothing," her father answered, with just the proper amount of heart-broken sadness in his intonation—the man was a consummate actor in his own quiet, self possessed way. "If you will not, or cannot, help me I am indeed hopeless. However, I think more sadly of your fate than of my own, Katherine, as I am only an old man now, without many years of life before me, and with few things to wish for, beyond a great longing to die in my childhood's home, while you are strong and useful, and have many days, please heaven, before you. Useless lamenting, however, does little good, I have heard; so we will say no more about it—*che sara sara*, and perhaps"—with a faint, melancholy smile—"it will not be for long; death is sometimes very merciful."

"Oh, not that, not that!" cried Katherine, stopping him suddenly in his restless promenade, and throwing unselfish, tender arms around his neck, while feeling, woman-like, now that he was cast so completely on her mercy, and in such deep trouble, how infinitely dearer he was to her than he had ever been before—"not while it is in my power to prevent it! Oh, darling"—bursting into a passion of despairing tears—"I may not have been a good daughter to you till now, but only give me a little time to think, and I will do the best I can for you."

For once in his life Archibald Blount was really touched by the unmerited, tender devotion of the daughter he had so persistently neglected.

"Katherine," he whispered gently, holding her very closely to him, and feeling at the moment some faint, long-forgotten sensations arising in his degenerate bosom for the tender clinging creature in his arms, "if you can do this thing, you will be giving me what I shall bless you for to the day of my death; but I hardly dare to ask it—what is my happiness in comparison with yours? Remember, I have seen my best days, yours are yet to come; and, believe me, but that I know you to be heart whole, I would not press the matter so perseveringly. You are heart whole, Katherine—you do not love any one else?"

"No, I do not love any one else," Miss Blount answered bravely; but as she told the lie she covered her face with her hands, and turned away; feeling faint, sick and cold. Presently she raised her head. "Let me go now," she said; "I want to be alone. Good-night, papa."

"Good night, my dear," he returned, pressing his lips to hers with more than his wonted fervor, as he felt his cause was gained.

When she was gone, and the last glimpse of her dress had disappeared through the door, Archibald Blount raised himself, and drew a long, deep breath. He was too well-bred and refined a man ever to exult openly in any triumph, however great, but his eyes looked brighter, and his step sounded more firmly as he walked.

"Poor little girl," he murmured half absently to himself, as he lit his bed-room lamp. "I wonder if she cares at all for Craven. I hope she does not—from my soul I hope she does not;" after which touching hopefulness on his part he went upstairs to bed, where he slept long and peacefully.

Not so did the "poor little girl."

Arriving in her own bed-room, Katherine Blount locked the door, and without removing ornaments, or any article of dress, walked towards the window, and leaned her beautiful shapely head against the dew-cold glass.

The moon was shining on her, pale and placid; the dazzling, twinkling stars gleamed down upon the silent earth; a strange, sweet night it seemed, filled with a sadness responsive to her own, that almost entreated confidence; but Katherine neither moved, nor moaned, nor wept.

With dull, unnatural calmness she went over the whole night's events, weighing one thing against another, until all appeared quite clear. Once only she lifted her head in silent protest to the starry heavens, murmuring desperately, "I cannot;" but before the rebellious words were fairly uttered she knew herself how worthless they were. After that she covered her face, and kneeling down upon the floor, went deliberately through the many happy scenes and tender recollections of her one love-story, in which Blackwood Craven shone out brightly and alone; with bitter remorse she remembered now how she often had bestowed a frown, a hasty, unkind word, where it would have been so easy, so much more to her real nature, to confer a caress or a considerate speech. Never again could she make amends for all her past deliberate cruelties. Ah, if she had but known!

So the hours passed—swiftly enough to the girl, who, with dry eyes and burning brain, was bidding an eternal farewell to the sacred romance of her youth—heavily enough no doubt to those who sat and watched their sacred dead. Presently, one by one, the stars paled, and in their place came faintest streaks of crimson in the distant east, betokening gloriously the coming morn.

Katherine rose from her knees, and flinging wide the casement, as though to gain some air, glanced longingly upward towards the rising sun; and as she looked, lo! all the warmth of heaven came pouring down, and darkness lightened into golden day!

With the dawn came her determination. Turning slowly away from the open window, through which a lark's loud song of praise rushed with tumultuous music, she moved with stiffened limbs across the room.

"May heaven help me!" she said, broken-heartedly.

The next morning Sir Mark Warrenne went home rejoicing, the accepted lover of beautiful Katherine Blount, while his lady-love fulfilled her daily duties with pallid face, clouded eyes, and thoughts "all void of soul." Blackwood she not see all day, having excused herself from breakfast on the plea of nervous headache—not all excuse, Heaven knew—but, coming suddenly into the old parlor, some little time before dinner, she discovered Blackwood sitting there, busily employed making cartridges for the morrow's shooting. For a second her courage failed her completely, but only for a second; then she rallied her spirits and came forward, speaking bravely enough, though in tones strangely dull and unlike her usual voice, which was sweet and musical.

"Blackwood, I want to tell you something."

Her manner startled him; he flung down the unfinished cartridge, the contents of which ran swiftly, with a tiny rattling noise, from off the table down about the oaken floor, while a terrible sense of impending evil half choked him, his face blanching, in the fashion peculiar to him when anything unpleasant about Katherine came under his notice.

"What is it?" he asked shortly.

"I have promised to marry Sir Mark Warrenne," she answered, just as shortly, trying wildly to appear unconcerned, but failing wretchedly.

For a full minute Blackwood Craven went mad—as mad as the veriest lunatic that ever trod the floors of Bedlam. He strode forward and seized her small wrists with cruel vehemence, almost crushing the tender bones in his strong and passionate grasp.

"Say that again!" he cried fiercely, threateningly; while "Blackwood, Blackwood!" was all poor Katherine could gasp, with faint supplication.

Presently, however, the paroxysm passed, leaving him sane, but despairing; he dropped her hands suddenly; the iron had entered into his soul, and at the first cold touch the madness fled. He turned to the window quietly.

"Oh, Heaven," he said, "has it come to this at last?"

Miss Blount sank into a chair, and for a short time there was a dead silence in the room, during which they scarcely seemed to breathe.

To Katherine the stillness was intolerable; any open torture would have been less bitter. At all hazards she felt she must see his face again; so, stealing over to his side, she placed a timid, trembling hand upon his arm.

"Blackwood, have some pity!" she whispered beseechingly, raising to his face great lustrous, pleading eyes.

"Pity!" he echoed contemptuously, shaking off her hand as though it scorched his flesh, and moving backwards a few steps. "Pity for what? Because you are going to marry the richest man in the county, and a baronet into the bargain, or because you have wisely thrown over the man who was imbecile enough to imagine he possessed your extremely saleable affections—which? Upon my honor, my pity would be rather wasted, I fancy, were I to bestow it on you, so I will reserve any I have for Sir Mark Warrenne, as I do not know any of my acquaintances so much in need of it as he is just now. Meanwhile I beg to offer you my warmest congratulations on your success and approaching happiness."

"Blackwood," the girl began vehemently, stung to the quick by his insinuations, but endeavoring eagerly, with tightly clenched hands, to speak with calmness, "will you not listen to me? I swear——"

"Hush!" he interrupted sternly, with cold, cruel scorn, putting up his hand to prevent her speaking further, "you need not perjure yourself any more—it is unnecessary—as I am scarcely in a condition, you see, to believe the remainder of your protestations. You have said quite enough to last me my lifetime, so I will trouble you with my presence no longer; but I leave with you what must be a pleasant reflection—that you have ruined my existence."

"Are you going?" Katherine gasped. "For how long?"

"Forever!" he answered, turning towards the door.

Just for one moment Miss Blount felt stunned—crushed, and then, with a bitter cry, she roused herself and tried to reach him, but she could not—some power within her numbed her limbs, and left her without strength to move. Her love, her life, was going, but she could only hold out her hands to him in passionate, wild entreaty.

"Blackwood, Blackwood!" she implored, "for Heaven's sake do not leave me like this! Say something to me before you go!"

He turned as he reached the threshold to gaze his last upon the exquisite, agonized face he had loved so dearly, and the tender arms outheld in pitiful, mute supplication. But even then he did not relent.

"I will," he said, with vehement bitterness. "As you ask it, you can take this as my 'good-bye'—remember the last words I said to you were these: 'I curse the day I ever saw you!'"

So, with black anger at his heart, he passed out from the house that had been his pleasant home from childhood, a despairing, broken-hearted man, leaving the woman who was to him the dearest being on earth, in a dead, cold swoon, her soft brown hair sweeping the polished floor.

CHAPTER V.

When October had come, and was well-nigh gone, Katherine Blount married Sir Mark Warrenne, and went for a three-months' wedding tour to the Continent.

From the hour of Blackwood's abrupt departure the girl had faded perceptibly, without any visible cause. With a terrible longing she waited for many weeks for some word or token from her cousin which should soften the bitterness of his last cruel farewell, but no letter came; and day by day as it seemed to Sir Mark's anxious gaze, he being perfectly ignorant of the fatal attachment existing between his promised wife and Blackwood Craven, she appeared to be slowly, but surely, sinking into confirmed ill-health. So he pleaded earnestly for an early wedding, that should give him the right to take her away for some time to other scenes, and climates, and so bring back the roses to his darling's cheeks.

Miss Blount, in the usual listless manner that had of late become habitual to the once gay little beauty, consented, after a faint, but ineffectual demur, and named the dreaded day that should forever cut her off from all thought of Blackwood Craven, after which she endured in her heart a silent purgatory, invisible to those around her, but which paralyzed her and seemed to drain her life-blood, drop by drop.

Harriet Charteris alone, with a woman's true instinct, guessed exactly how matters stood, and would have striven with all her might to try and comfort and console the girl she so well loved, had not Miss Blount's distant, cold demeanor forbidden any attempt to probe her hidden wound.

Once only had Harriet made a faint effort to advise or console, an effort which, as she had dreaded, resulted in nothing but signal failure. It was one morning about a fortnight before the day arranged for the wedding and Miss Blount had ridden over to consult her friend on some trivial matter with regard to it; she had stayed a considerable time even after the communication had been made and an answer received, in a rather more restless, impatient mood than was habitual even with her, and Harriet, who was possessed of a nature both true and loyal to the heart's core, and who loved well when she loved at all, had worked herself into a state of indescribable misery.

In like manner the children, having guessed—with the wonderful, unerring instinct of childhood—that something was amiss with their favorite, Katherine, had abstained from their usual wild merriment, to sit beside her, and slip their tiny hands within her own in silent sympathy, and with wide-open questioning eyes that touched the girl's excited feelings more keenly than any offered consolation could have done, and nearly broke her aching heart.

She got up at last, moving away from them to the window, where she watched with burning, tearless, eyes the weary waste of falling autumn leaves that stretched before her.

Mrs. Charteris seeing this in her anxious, compassionate watchfulness, had waved the boys from the room with a covert motion of her hand, and then gone over to where Miss Blount was standing.

"Katherine," she said, in a soothing tone, "my dear girl, tell me, do you regret anything?"

Miss Blount turned suddenly, almost defiantly.

"No, I regret nothing," she replied; after which, although presently she changed her mood and kissed Mrs. Charteris silently, with tears in her beautiful eyes, the latter understood perfectly that no words were to be said on the subject.

About the beginning of the following February Sir Mark and Lady Warrenne returned to the Hall, which, by the Baronet's orders, had been magnificently restored during their absence, things having gone more or less to decay during the years that he had spent wandering abroad.

Mrs. Charteris was delighted to find her friend considerably changed for the better. She had gained flesh, had brought back a brighter color in her fair face, and would have been altogether quite like the Katherine of old but for her eyes. In them lay perpetually a weary, dissatisfied, hopeless expression, that told but too clearly how comfortless was the heart within.

She clung to Harriet when they first met after their long separation, and burst into a passion of tears that frightened the latter a good deal; after which she told her, with a rather wintry smile, that she found it impossible to go away for a few months without behaving like a baby when they met again; all of which had the effect of making Mrs. Charteris feel very sad and doubtful, and doubly tender that evening to the husband and children that awaited her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is generally true that we judge too bitterly and harshly the faults of every other we do not ourselves hold.

THE NEW CARPET.

BY JULIUS COMBE.

Mr. and Mrs. Hume had been married two years, and during that time had been very happy. They loved each other dearly, and had never had the least misunderstanding.

Mr. Hume was a lawyer. He had begun business a few years previous to his marriage, and was doing tolerably well. Still he was forced to live plainly, and to use economy in all things.

His wife was a pretty, loving little body, and was devoted to her husband. She was always ready to enter into any of his plans, and to assist him by every means in her power. There was one drawback, however. Mrs. Hume's mother, who was at heart a good woman, and who really loved her daughter, was continually making trouble for the young couple, which they avoided only by a determination not to quarrel.

One day, when Mr. Hume returned home from his business, he found Mrs. Dawson there on a visit to her daughter. During the evening, Mrs. Hume, turning to her husband, said:

"George, don't you think we need a new dining-room carpet?"

"Doesn't this one suit you?" he asked.

"No, I don't think it does," she replied, hesitatingly. "It is quite worn and shabby."

"It seems to me a very nice one," said her husband. "I think it a pretty carpet. Besides, Lucy, I cannot afford to buy a new one just now."

"Mother saw one at Smith's this morning," said Mrs. Hume, "which she thinks would suit me very well. It is cheap, too, only ninety dollars."

"Is that all?" asked her husband, laughing.

"Yes; and I am very anxious to have a new one."

"I would like to oblige you, Lucy; but I cannot afford to spend so large a sum for a carpet."

"You might afford it if you would, George," said Mrs. Dawson. "Lucy is not so extravagant, and she knows your household wants better than you do. I think you ought to gratify it."

"I have every disposition to gratify my wife," said Mr. Hume, "but I cannot do so in this instance. I know that we do not need a new carpet, and I know that I cannot afford to spend so much money for one. So here the matter must rest for the present, and I hope Lucy will see the justice of my position."

"There is very little justice about it," said Mrs. Dawson sharply. "Your wife is the best judge of her wants."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Hume, "but we will not argue this subject now—I have decided not to buy the carpet. There the matter must end."

She flushed angrily, but said nothing. She went home quite early, and thoroughly out of humor.

"Next week Mrs. Dawson began her attempts to carry her point. She was determined that her daughter should have a new carpet now at all hazards, if it was only to be revenged upon Mr. Hume.

"It is your business to look after your house," she said, "and your husband has no right to interfere. George is fully able to gratify you in this matter, and he is acting very badly in refusing to do so."

Mrs. Hume was in a most unenviable position. She was a devout believer in her mother's infallibility in household matters, but also a good wife. Nevertheless, she was not a woman of independence, and was easily influenced. Mrs. Dawson, on the other hand, was a woman of strong will and determination, and she pressed her attack vigorously, so that in another month or so she succeeded in convincing Mrs. Hume that her husband was denying her the carpet she wanted, merely to exert his power over her. This was a point gained, and from this Mrs. Dawson succeeded in persuading her daughter to get the carpet on her own responsibility, and say nothing of it until it was put down.

"George will never refuse to pay the bill," she said, "and it will do no harm to teach him a lesson."

At first Mrs. Hume revolted at the idea of deceiving her husband in such a manner, but her mother succeeded in persuading her that there was no harm in it.

The carpet was bought, charged to Mr. Hume, and sent home ready to be put down.

Mr. Hume had heard nothing more of the carpet since the night on which he had declined to buy it. His wife's silence on the subject he construed into a cheerful acquiescence on her part in his decision, and he loved her all the better for her conduct. At last, having succeeded in some suit in which he was engaged, he determined to reward his wife, for what he supposed her goodness, by giving her a new and handsome carpet for her dining-room. And so it happened that on the very day on which Mrs. Hume and her mother were superintending the putting down of the new carpet, Mr. Hume went to the shop from which they had bought it to select one, having determined to surprise his wife with it. His astonishment was very great when, upon asking to see some carpets, he was told that Mrs. Hume had purchased one a few days before. He asked for the bill and paid it in silence. He was shocked and pained deeply to find that his wife should deceive him so grossly. He thought the matter over and saw at last the cause of his wife's conduct, and quietly determined on his own course.

When he went home that evening he found his wife and Mrs. Dawson in the parlor awaiting him. Mrs. Hume was pale and nervous. The new carpet was down in the dining-room and she knew that her husband must know all about it that evening. She dreaded the disclosure, for she felt that she had done wrong. Mrs. Dawson, however, was smiling and triumphant.

Mr. Hume took a seat by the fire and called his wife to him.

"Lucy," he said, without looking at her, "do you remember asking me about six weeks ago to give you a new carpet?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Hume faintly.

"I refused to do so then," continued her husband, "because I could not afford it. Recently, however, I have been fortunate, and I determined yesterday to reward you for your goodness in so quietly and cheerfully giving up your fancy by buying you a new carpet."

"Oh, George, don't!" cried his wife, bursting into tears. "Don't talk to me so. I don't deserve it; I——" But she broke down.

"I know all about it, dear," said her husband kindly. "I paid the bill this morning. But tell me," he added, "did you do this of your own accord, or in compliance with our mother's urging?"

"I yielded to her, but I felt all the while that I was doing wrong," sobbed Mrs. Hume.

"I knew it," said her husband; "but it will not happen again. Mrs. Dawson," he continued, addressing that lady, who sat looking on with a decided crest-fallen air, "you see what you have accomplished. You have made my wife deceive me, and wounded me deeply. You have interfered where you have no right to do so; and, until you learn that in my house my authority, which will never seek to deprive my wife of anything I can give her, is supreme, I think it will be best for all parties that you remain away from us. When you visit us in a proper spirit we shall always be glad to see you; but, if you come only to produce such harm as this, you had better not come at all."

Mrs. Dawson left the house without speaking. She was completely humbled. She soon resumed her visits, however, but never again sought to exercise her power outside of her own household, and even there it was tempered with more wisdom than formerly.

Mr. Hume never had cause to reproach his wife again. She had learned a lesson which she never for got.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TO REMOVE GLASS STOPPERS.—To remove a glass stopper, put a drop or two of glycerine or sweet oil in the crevices about the stopper. In an hour or two the stopper will be loose.

GOLD WASH.—To a drachm of solution of terchloride of gold add two ounces of ether, and shake together. Polished steel articles immersed in this clear liquor will become covered with a thin film of gold.

TESTS FOR ACIDS AND ALKALIES.—Make an infusion of red roses, violets, or mallow flowers; treat it with a solution of potash and it will become green; the addition of muriatic acid (diluted) will convert it instantly into red. The experiment may be frequently varied.

MINERAL OILS.—The storage of mineral oils in lead or zinc vessels should be avoided, as it has been found, remarks a trade journal, that paraffin and petroleum act on these metals. A lamp was found to burn so badly that the wick was charred three times in an evening, and the charred part was found to be nearly all lead. These oils should therefore be kept in enamelled iron cisterns.

TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—The best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by a famous doctor, is the vigorous motion of the jaws, as in the act of mastication. In the case of a child, a wad of paper should be placed in its mouth, and the child instructed to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. This remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail in a single instance, or even in very severe cases.

METALS.—Vanadium is reckoned the most costly of the fifty known metals, and iron the cheapest, though really the most valuable of all. As estimated by commercial prices current, a pound of vanadium costs more than 200 tons of p g iron. There are nineteen metals more costly than gold, though many of these are rare and practically valueless as far as applied to any practical use in their metallic state. None of the metals are poisonous by themselves, probably because they are insoluble in their metallic condition.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—Dr. Boens has introduced to the notice of the Belgian Academy of Medicine an artificial thigh and leg constructed in ostier by M. Pochet, who had himself undergone amputation in the upper third of the thigh. The apparatus is cheap, and although of extreme lightness, yet possessing ample solidity. It is made in two forms—straight, without articulation, replacing the old classic wooden leg, and furnished with articulations of the knee and foot so as to impart great mobility to these parts. Dr. Boens considers Pochet's leg the best and most economical that has hitherto been constructed.

RUSTED STEEL.—Steel which has rusted can be cleaned by brushing with a paste composed of one-half ounce cyanide potassium, half ounce Castile soap, one ounce whiting, and water sufficient to form a paste. The steel should first be washed with a solution of half an ounce cyanide potassium in two ounces of water. To preserve steel from rusting, a good method is to paint it with melted caoutchouc, to which some oil has been added. The caoutchouc must be melted in a close vessel, to prevent its burning, and should be frequently stirred. It is also said that dipping the steel in a solution of common soda (about one in four) will preserve it from rusting.

FEMININITIES.

Miss Mulock says the young wife who is economical is a heroine.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions.

The Hindoo widow is the only one that cremates. The others remate.

Hop bitters—Taking your girl to a hop and having some other fellow dance with her continuously.

When a woman begins to say she's refused many an offer—that's a symptom of old maidhood.

A frisky Briton bit his wife's nose off, and the patient woman testified in court that she bit it off herself.

An old bachelor says that during leap-year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

In the United States there are 530 women practising as doctors, 420 as dentists, five as lawyers, and 68 as preachers.

The greatest benefactor of the female sex on this continent is Judge Grant, of Davenport, Iowa. He has adopted seventeen girls.

If you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a tie.

The immortal Raphael painted his own face, and made, no doubt, an excellent likeness. Many a lady paints her own face and makes no likeness at all.

In Northampton they are laughing at a young man because he said, when bantered about a lady whose heart is another's: "Can't I admire her as a work of art?"

A lady who, in defiance of the English law, had married the brother of her deceased husband, was in the habit of alluding to her first spouse as her poor brother-in-law.

An experienced old stager says if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you always thought they were sisters.

We may set down as an axiom that most young ladies cannot know everybody's name when it is impossible for them to know what their own name may be a twelvemonth hence.

A gentleman lately addressed a passionate love letter to a lady in the same town, adding this curious postscript: "Please send a speedy answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."

A Massachusetts woman dragged her fourteen-year-old daughter from her bean, and when the latter followed her into the house, he was shut up in a closet while the mother strapped the girl.

There is probably not a woman in this broad sunny land of ours who does not think that the carving-fork was made for the express purpose of pulling corks out of bluing bottles and lifting stovelids.

Little girl to her mother: "Ma, do the men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Pshaw! what makes you ask?" "Why, ma, the ladies who come here are always talking about getting married; but the men don't."

A married lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following nice question: "As I wedded Mr. Green for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not, to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at liberty to marry again?"

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

The Oak's Sacrifice.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BIRDIE."

"How very ugly you are," said a tall graceful young elm to a stunted little oak which grew beside it, in a tone of profound conviction.

"I am very silly-looking," answered the oak, cheerfully, not attempting for a moment to disguise or deny the unfortunate truth. "I often think that I never did see a tree so odd. My arms all go out crooked, and even my leaves—look at them! They are not a bit like yours. They have no shape, and all along the edge they just go in and out and any way, without any meaning whatever."

"I wonder why you were made!" said the elm, meditatively.

"To tell you the truth, so do I, often," answered the oak, confidentially. "I always thought that the only use of trees was either to give shade, or to look pretty. And I am too stumpy to do the one, and as for the other, you might look long enough before you found one single good point in my appearance—except, perhaps," it added, "the crimson of my little leaves when first they come out."

"Yes," said the elm, "that's pretty! But dear me! who would ever stop to look at that?"

"That's true," answered the oak. "Of course no one would."

"Why, just look at that ivy!" exclaimed the elm, after a pause, during which both of them had been occupied in mentally contemplating the oak's disadvantages. "I never saw that before. It must have got over the ground very quickly. I wonder what it is coming for. It must be for either you or me."

"Oh, it's sure to be for you!" returned the oak. "It would never take the trouble to come all the way from that wall for me."

"No, it wouldn't said the elm, complacently. "I have no doubt it admired me in the distance. You see, I am extremely handsome. I am very glad to see you," it said, turning its remarks towards the ivy, "very glad indeed. I dare say you saw my beauty afar, and immediately realised how well I should show off your own handsome leaves."

But the ivy crept slowly onward, and answered never a word.

Several days after, when the morning dawned, the ivy was seen to have turned its course ever so little towards the oak, and away from the elm.

The oak saw this first, and its heart leapt suddenly with a wild joy, as for the first time it realised that the beautiful caressing thing, which had made the old wall in the distance look so pretty, might after all be coming to it. The wall was old and unsightly enough—as unsightly as it was itself, yet the ivy did not seem to mind. It just threw a great wealth of rich glossy green over the poor old thing, and converted it at once from a blot in the landscape to a beauty. Could it be, thought the poor little oak to itself, that the kind beautiful ivy was coming to clothe its own life-long deformity in the same way—to cover its crooked stunted limbs—to blot out all its ugliness? The elm was so handsome in itself, it could do so well without the ivy. Why should it take away what would be so much more valuable to the oak—what would make life a new thing for it—what would stand as a merciful shield between it and the gibes of the other trees? The elm needed no such shield; it was strong in the strength of its own beauty. And a great cry went out from the little oak's heart, that this wonderful new comfort might come into its dwarfed barren life, that it had borne so bravely, but that had been so bitter to it—might come and wrap it so round with its warmth and loveliness, that it should forget its misery, and "remember it only as the waters that pass away."

At this point in its reflections, the elm suddenly caught sight of the course the ivy was taking.

"Dear, dear!" it exclaimed, in great alarm and agitation, "what can the ivy be turning in that direction for? It must have missed its way. That is much the longest way round. Do look, oak, isn't it extraordinary? it might almost be supposed to be coming to you."

The oak did look, and the tone of its thoughts changed. The ivy really did seem to be coming to it, and it was not worthy. How splendid the stately height of the elm would look, clad in dark living green! How gaily the great green leaves of the ivy would sway in the sunshine high up among the elm's branches! What was the oak that it should mar such a picture, such a delight, for the sake of its own private selfish joy? The elm, too, was longing to be clad in that ivy as much as the oak itself, and in right of its beauty had certainly more claim to the ivy's preference. So instead of answering the elm, it cried out to the ivy:

"If, as it seems, you really are thinking of coming to me, please don't think of it any longer. I should not show you off half as well as the elm would."

"No, that it wouldn't," interposed the elm.

"Indeed I'd much rather you'd go to the elm," the oak went on; "it wants you quite as much as I, don't come any further in my direction. I shall do very well as I am."

"You really need not have said so much," said the elm, when the oak had finished speaking, "though of course it was very kind of you, because it was only a mistake of the ivy's. It could never be really thinking of coming to you when I was by. Probably it took that turn your way in a fit of absence of mind. Anyhow, it could only be a mistake, which a word would have been enough to point out."

Possibly the elm was right, for, a few mornings after, the ivy was seen to have altered its course again, and to be making straight for the elm.

Did the oak regret its pleading when it saw that the ivy had turned away from it finally, and that the possible great joy and comfort which might have come into its poor life were lost to it for ever?

It grieved for its loss certainly, in its own quiet uncomplaining way. It was sorry for itself a little as it thought of all the long years that were to come, and how it should never find shelter for its dwarfed life in any of them. But if the occasion had come over again, it would said just the same thing. It never, for an instant, repented its words. Hearts of oaks are said to be strong, and this one was no exception.

And day by day the ivy drew nearer the elm tree, and at last began slowly wreathing its tendrils round the trunk.

Then the elm was a proud tree.

"Look, look, oak!" it cried, when the ivy had climbed some feet up its stem, "am I not ten times handsomer now with this rich clothing of dark glossy green leaves than I ever was before?"

"Ten times handsomer!" answered the oak, with a glow of admiration; "I always knew you would be."

"Oh, beautiful ivy," cried the elm, "climb faster, climb higher! I am impatient to see how beautiful I shall look when you have reached my summit."

And the ivy climbed on higher and higher, tendril by tendril, root by root, leaf by leaf, but it spake never a word. It was a very silent thing. At last the elm began to gasp a little.

"Not quite so tight, ivy," it said, "I feel as if I could hardly breathe. The sunshine cannot reach my stem, many of my smaller boughs cannot feel the air. Loose your hold a little, I have no room to grow, no room even to live." But the ivy wound its cruel arms tighter round the tree, and smiled—it was a very cruel thing.

Then the elm implored, entreated, bewailed itself, cried passionately to the ivy to loose its hold ever so little, but it was in vain. And then the elm knew that it would die.

The soft wind coming up from the blue south kissed its boughs, and the thrush sang its matin song, pouring out a throbbing flood of melody, as if it could never sufficiently say how happy it was; and the ivy leaves, dark and beautiful, rose and fell, and swayed and teased, glittering in the golden light, and the sunshine streamed all over the land—and the elm knew that it was dying.

Higher and higher the ivy climbed, till it had reached the very top of the tree, and then it began to spread itself out, reaching everywhere with its grasping deadly fingers, stifling life out of the elm, hour by hour, day by day, week by week; and for the elm there was no escape, no possibility of deliverance! Neither could the elm cast blame anywhere, not even on the ivy itself, for had it not entreated it to come?

At last a morning came when the sweet south wind still blew, and the thrushes still sang, and the ivy-leaves danced in the sunshine; but the elm was dead!

Some weeks after, there came a terrible storm sweeping up the land. The mighty north-west wind brought up vast armies of clouds, and drove them one after another across the heavens, piling them up in the sky, until the night was black with darkness. And ever as the clouds thickened overhead the wind rose into a hurricane, and careered howling over the earth.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, there was a great crash!

The children woke, asking each other, terrified, what it could be. However, as nothing farther happened, they all went to sleep again.

When they got up in the morning, they saw at once, out of the nursery window, what had been the reason of the crash. There lay the stately elm on the ground, splendid in its proportions, even in death, with its arms stretched out aimlessly and helplessly, the deadly ivy still wreathed in trailing masses round its trunk.

After breakfast a little girl about seven years old, and a little boy about six, came out to look at it, followed by a large black dog who walked after them, smiling a solemn absent smile with his mouth open, and slowly wagging his tail.

"It's like Samson," said the little boy presently, after he had stared at the tree for several minutes.

"There, now!" said the girl; "whatever *do* you mean? What's like Samson?"

"The ivy," answered the boy. "Father said, at breakfast, the ivy had been and killed the tree, and now it's fallen down itself—like Samson, who killed himself in killing the Philistines, who cut off his hair, you know."

"Oh, you story!" cried the little girl, in just indignation. "Why, it wasn't the Philistines that cut off Samson's hair at all; it was a wicked woman called Delilah."

Far from being impressed with this weight of accurate information, the little boy, with the volatility of extreme youth, ran off towards the oak, crying:

"Let's measure ourselves, and see who's tallest."

The girl followed more deliberately, and they both stood by the oak, who, by this time, was just high enough to prevent its branches scraping the children's hats off, and carefully measured each other, after which process, a new idea occurred to the boy.

"Oh, let's measure Carlo!"

So the dog was hustled up against the tree, still smiling and absent, lending his body with easy good-nature to the children, while his lofty soul was evidently far away (as is the manner of Newfoundlands).

"Why, how much taller I *am* than Carlo!" cried the boy, in great delight. Then, bending—not very much—until his face was on a level with Carlo's, he took the dog's great black head in his two small hands, and looking into his loving eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, Carlo! I am so much bigger than you! oh, ever so much!"

"You little silly," said the girl; "why, that's because you're on your hind legs. If Carlo were stood up on his, he'd be ever so much taller than you. So there! Hark! there's mother calling. So both the children hurried in.

And some days after, men came and chopped up the elm for firewood, and there was an end of it.

And what became of the oak? Well, as years went on, the oak grew taller and altogether more shapely, and the consciousness began to dawn in it that, after all, it was not going to be so ugly as it had imagined. There had been no other oak in the garden with which to compare itself, and as almost every tree is more graceful when it is young than the oak, it had been at a great disadvantage, and had thought worse of itself than the occasion justified.

One day it asked a bird whether it had ever seen another tree like it. And the bird answered assuringly, that it had seen hundreds. Then the oak set forth the rooted objection it had to the shape of its own leaves. But the bird only laughed at it, and answered:

"Why, the edges of all oak-leaves go the same—'in and out and any way,' as you call it."

"Do they?" said the oak, wonderingly.

So the oak was comforted. And, in after years, when it had become a grand and stately tree, the children of the little brother and sister, and their children's children came and measured each other on its trunk, and were so proud of its age and size that they showed it to all their visitors as a curiosity. And the oak was a proud and happy tree all its days, so that, after all, it did forget the misery of its youth, and remembered it only as the water that pass away. Only it never ceased grieving for the fate of the beautiful elm.

* * * * *

Thus what it gave away to the elm in resolute self-denial, proved to be not a blessing, but a curse, which, by a little selfishness, it might have drawn down on its own life. So that was well for it.

True, but there are some things which we give we give away (sometimes with bitter tears, for we are weak) which are blessings indeed, and which can never come back to us again, nor their like, so long as we live. And yet that also is well.

TIME AND TIDE.

BY C. H.

Not far from the village of Drahcen, on the western coast of Ireland, stood the humble cottage of old Andy Quin, the fisherman.

At the time of our story, Andy had seen his sixtieth birthday; nevertheless, he could handle an oar or haul a net with any man on the coast.

The fisherman was a widower, with an only child, now a blooming maiden of nineteen summers. Like all pretty girls, Lottie Quin had her lovers; and Siney Slope, old Andy's companion and the partner of his spoils, was the happy recipient of her choicest smiles.

But latterly a coldness had sprung up between the two. Siney's rough, honest attentions had become distasteful to his lady love. She now shunned his company as zealously as she used to court it.

One bright morning in July, when affairs were in this unsatisfactory state between the lovers, Siney Slope was carrying some fishing-tackle down to his boat, when he espied the object of his affections coming towards him.

"Morrow, Lottie!" was his cheery salutation, when they came within speaking distance. "Where are you off to so airley?"

"That's none of your business, Siney Slope!" she replied, tartly.

"None o' my business! Faith, thin, it's not shure av that same I am!"

"Then you ought to be," that's all? I wish you'd let me pass. I don't want to have anything to say to you, good nor bad."

"Arrah, Lottie, what ails you at all! Shure, I'm quite distracted by your uncommon cruel tratement. What's betune us, ashore, eh?"

To this appeal Lottie vouchsafed no reply; but, tossing her head defiantly, she walked quickly past the distressed young man, who deposited his burden upon the ground in a decidedly emphatic manner.

"Bedad!" he growled, scratching his head, and gazing wistfully after the retreating figure. "Bedad, this bates all I ever seen!"

After her encounter with Siney, Lottie rapidly crossed the beach, and directed her steps to a low rock that projected far into the water. As she drew near this spot, she beheld the figure of a man seated upon the utmost point of the rock; and her heightening color showed that he was no stranger to her.

Could Siney Slope have witnessed the affectionate meeting that took place a few minutes later upon that sea-beat rock, he would have ceased to wonder at Lottie's behavior towards himself.

Harold Temple—Siney's rival—was a tall, good-looking young man, who followed the profession of an artist, and who had visited Drahcen in pursuit of the picturesque.

He had first encountered Lottie Quin on one of his rambling excursions, and a mutual feeling of admiration had induced both parties to make a sudden halt.

Lottie's replies to the stranger's question had been dictated by good sense and intelligence; for she was not so ignorant as might be supposed from her lowly position as a fisherman's daughter.

It will not be necessary to narrate more than the latter part of the conversation that took place between the lovers, as they seated themselves side by side on the rock, upon the morning we introduce them to the reader.

For some time Lottie listened without interruption to the flowing words of the artist; but at length she turned an agitated face towards him, while she murmured, brokenly, "Oh, sir! I cannot desert my father as you propose—'twould break his heart! I am the only one in the world he has to look after him! He could not live without me!"

"Nonsense, Lottie!" returned her companion, lightly. "Believe me, people's hearts are not composed of a composition of egg shells and tissue-paper. Your father cannot expect to have you always tied to the tail of his coat; and when we are married we cannot possibly live here. There are a thousand objections to such an arrangement. No, no, my little mermaid; London is the place for us. In the gay life we shall lead you will soon forget this miserable hole and its associations."

"You must give me a few days to think over it, Harold," she answered, blushing as she repeated the name.

"A few days! Impossible, my dear child. I must leave here to-morrow morning without fail."

"So soon?" sighed the other, regretfully. "Isn't it a sudden notion you've taken?"

"By no means. I have already remained here longer than I had intended, thanks to your bright eyes and rosy cheeks."

"Oh, sir, 'tis dim my eyes will be and faded my cheeks when I leave Drahcen. At least, Harold," she added, persuasively, "let me confide in my father?"

"No, my dear Lottie. As you are aware, I have particular reasons for conducting this affair as secretly as possible. My family are proud, and——"

He got no farther. In turning aside to avoid the truthful glance that was fixed upon him, he became aware of the startling fact which he quickly announced.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, starting to his feet; "we are surrounded by the tide!"

It was too true; the tide had come in unperceived by the engrossed pair; and the low, slanting rock, with the exception of the small spot which they had chosen for a seat, had disappeared.

The nearest point of land was at least two hundred yards off.

Not a boat, or a vessel of any description, was to be seen upon the ocean; and the luckless pair were the only human beings visible.

Not long did it take Temple to understand their true position. He knew that in a few minutes the whole rock would be under water; and, roughly extricating himself from Lottie's grasp, made his preparations to swim ashore.

"Save me—save me!" beseeched the terrified girl, as, without as much as a glance in her direction, the heartless fellow was about to spring into the water. "Oh, Harold you will not leave me here to perish? Save me!"

"Yes," he growled, fiercely; "burden myself with you, and both be drowned! Not if I know it!"

The villain stood revealed in his true colors.

Lottie Quin drew back in astonishment.

"Go, sir!" she said firmly. "Rather would I be washed lifeless ashore than owe existence to such as you!"

There was a loud splash; then the deserted girl beheld her faithless lover striking out for shore.

She was alone; left to the mercy of the treacherous waves, which had already commenced to wash her feet, as though eager for their helpless prey.

But stay! There is a glad cry! The fisherman's daughter gazes with eager, strained eyes and clasped hands at a small, dark object, which is making its way towards her from that point to which Temple is steering his course. Nearer and nearer it advances; plainer and plainer it becomes. It is—yes, it is the dark, curly head of a man!

Lottie tears off her shawl, and waves it as an encouragement to the swimmer.

At length the rock is gained; and the dripping man, like a huge, faithful watch-dog, wades up to the maidens side, for the water is now a couple of feet deep.

"Saved!" murmurs Lottie, faintly, as she swoons into the arms of Siney Slope.

We have but little more to tell. Siney bore his precious burden safely to shore.

In the glowing Autumn of the same year they were married. Need we add that they were happy. Lottie's husband often jokes her love for the handsome artist; but she hears it all in good part, while she retorts that "It wasn't love, but fascination."

EPICURISM.

Dr. Rondelet, an ancient writer on fish, was so fond of figs that he died in 1566 of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of hot boiled lobsters with a profusion of shrimp sauce. Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he were told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly and came to the table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so largely that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious attachment for a leg of mutton. He says: "At my aunt Ford's I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten."

Dr. George Fordyce contended that as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. Accordingly, for more than twenty years, the doctor used to eat only a dinner in the whole course of the day. This solitary meal he took regularly at four o'clock, at Dolly's Chop House, London. A pound and a half of rump-steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale, satisfied the doctor's moderate wants till four o'clock the next day, and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. Dinner over, he returned to his home in Essex Street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on anatomy and chemistry. Baron Masseres, who lived nearly to the age of ninety, used to go home one day in every week without any dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea. Aristotle, like a true poet, seems to have liberally feasted on fancy.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Potato Bugs and Petunias.—A contributor to *Vick's Floral Magazine* has a theory that last year his potatoes were not touched by the bugs because wild petunias grew near the potato patch; that the bugs will leave the potatoes for the petunias, the sweets of which are poisonous to them.

Transplanting Trees.—The Japanese have a remarkable method of transplanting trees of all ages and sizes. They are dug up, nearly all the roots are cut off, and the tree planted in the new spot goes on growing as a matter of course. Nearly all the trees thus treated are evergreens.

Freeing Grain from Vermin.—A novel plan for freeing grain from vermin is recommended in a foreign journal. It advises putting a living crab into the grain heap so that it cannot get out. The worms attack the crab and enter the shell. In twenty-four hours the body may be taken out and the shell will be found to contain worms instead of crab meat. The entire crab is thrown into the fire and fresh ones put in the grain until the vermin are eradicated.

Renovating Soil.—To improve worn soil, plow it eight or ten inches deep, any time about the first of August, sow about three pecks of buckwheat to the acre, let it get in full bloom, then put a chain to the plow and turn it under nicely. Sow in wheat, and in the spring sow to clover, nearly a peck to the acre. Buy all the manure you can get within five miles of you, at fifty cents a two-horse load; keep all the stock you can, and your farm will improve right along.

Hay Caps.—A farmer does not know the value of hay caps until he has once used them. We never knew a farmer to discard them. They will save their cost in a short time by protecting the hay from the dews and rains. It is for the health of stock that they be provided with good hay, and when one uses hay caps he can add greatly to the value of his hay after it is cut and cocked, by protecting it from rain, as well as heavy dews. It often happens that a shower causes a great deal of extra labor, and this can be prevented, in a measure, by capping. Hay which is properly put up and capped will pass through quite a long storm, and come out in very good condition.

The Use of Poisons.—The use of poisons for the protection of growing crops against their common enemy, the fly and beetle, has become so frequent that farmers are apt to forget the properties of the articles which they are handling, and serious results often follow its careless use. From many places we hear of large numbers of birds dying from the eating of the potato vine upon which Paris green has been dusted. Quail, orioles and robins suffer severely in this way. Dead fish are found floating upon the surface after eating the bugs washed into the ponds and streams. A melancholy incident is the death of a promising girl in Connecticut from eating currants on which Paris green had been blown from a potato field.

To Keep Cows from Kicking.—This is the time of the year for kicking cows. There are various ways to prevent the trouble, but the best one undoubtedly, is to tie a small rope tightly around the body just in front of the bag. Some people buckle a strap around the two hind legs, and others tie one fore leg up, so the cow must stand on three legs. This way strains the animal, as she will struggle to free herself and fall down. A worse plan is to put a rope around the hind foot, on the milking side, and try to hold it back, as it sets the cow to jerking and pulling, and is apt to injure her. A cow will not kick unless she is frightened, or her udder or teats are sore. To find out the cause of the trouble, or, rather, to look out and prevent the irritation, is the first thing to do.

Destroying Birds' Nests.—A French paper, earnestly deprecating bird-nesting, says: A bird's-nest contains on an average five eggs, which would, in the natural course, become five little birds. Each little one eats daily fifty flies or other insects, and this consumption extends over four or five weeks. Taking it at an average of thirty days, we shall find the number of flies destroyed by each nest of birds to be 7,500. Now, every fly eats daily a quantity of flowers, leaves, &c., equivalent to its weight, until it attains its maximum of growth; in thirty days it will have eaten a flower a day, a flower which would have become fruit. Each fly (the term is used, we presume, for insects generally) then having, we will say, eaten thirty fruits in thirty days, the 7,500 flies which a nest of birds would have consumed, cause a loss to us of 225,000 apples, pears and peaches. We commend this view of the matter to the parents of marauding children.

POND'S EXTRACT.

POND'S EXTRACT.

The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.
Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great Vegetable Pain Destroyer. Has been in use over thirty years, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN. No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains of Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns, etc. Arrests inflammation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discoloration and heals rapidly.

LADIES find it their best friend. It assuages the pains to which they are peculiarly subject—notably fullness and pressure in the head, nausea, vertigo, &c. It promptly ameliorates and permanently heals all kinds of Inflammations and ulcerations.

HEMORRHOIDS or PILES find in this the only immediate relief and ultimate cure. No case however chronic or obstinate can long resist its regular use.

VARICOSE VEINS. It is the only sure cure.

KIDNEY DISEASES. It has no equal for permanent cure.

BLEEDING from any cause. For this it is a specific. It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from nose, stomach, lungs, and elsewhere.

TOOTHACHE, Earache, Neuralgia, and Rheumatism are all alike relieved and often permanently cured.

PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for Swellings of all kinds, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils, simple and chronic Diarrhœa, Catarrh, (for which it is a specific), Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes, etc. Chapped Hands, Face and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE. Removes Soreness, Roughness and Smarting; heals Cuts, Eruptions, and Pimples. It restores, invigorates and refreshes, while wonderfully improving the Complexion.

TO FARMERS—Pond's Extract. No Stock Breeder, no Livery Man can afford to be without it. It is used by all the leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and first Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for Spraining, Harness or Saddle Chafings, Stiffness, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleedings, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds, &c. Its range of action is wide, and the relief it affords is so prompt that it is invaluable in every farm-yard as well as in every farm-house. Let it be tried once and you will never be without it.

CAUTION! Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine article has the words Pond's Extract blown in each bottle. It is prepared by the only persons living who ever knew how to prepare it properly. None of all other preparations of Witch Hazel. This is the only article used by Physicians, and in the hospitals of this country and Europe.

HISTORY and Uses of Pond's Extract, in pamphlet form sent free on application to POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, 93 Maiden Lane, New York.

$1 FOR 25 CTS.

No. 1. Musical Pipe.—Made of metal, with lead resembling a meerschaum. By blowing into water, will imitate perfectly the notes of any bird.

No. 2. Miniature Charm.—Suitable for necklace or watch chain. Time of good for all the twelve months. Prophecy in opposition to fate and remedies. A perfect little curio.

No. 3. Eureka Whistle.—Loudest and most powerful whistle made. Very useful for appointments of any description. Can be heard a long distance.

No. 4. Japanese Parasol.—Just the thing for a lady's hand. Is to be used for a parasol. Is also a handsome ornament.

No. 5. Magic Spider.—Funniest thing out. A spectre looking fellow, now in one's pocket, now in the vest pocket, now in the hat, now in the coat sleeve, now in the pocket of their friend. A most amusing article.

No. 6. Musical Wonder.—A new and novel instrument, producing music by the wind of a match held underneath. Can be played in a variety of ways. Very simple. Just the thing for parties. Great excitement.

No. 7. Golden Water-Pen. Produces real golden letters, by merely dipping in water. Lasts for months. Writes as fine and as well as any pen.

The above seven articles are sent by mail, and will be sent to any part of the United States, postpaid, for 25 cts. At small fee they would cost! We want to introduce our goods into every town in the United States, and for that reason make this extraordinary offer. Send for our Fall Catalogue. A unique things which never fail. Address,

Eureka Trick and Novelty Co.,
P.O. Box 5614. 39 Ann St., N. Y.

Take silver or postage stamps. Currency will not appear again.

25 FANCY CARDS, Snowflake, Oriental, etc., in gilt edge, with name, 10cts. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, 10cts, post paid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Extra Cards, no two alike, name printed in crimson, gold and silver, 10c. F. C. Lyman, Clintonville, Ct.

50 Perfumed Snowflake and Chromo Cards, no two alike; name in gold or jet, 10c. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Conn.

15 CENTS FOR AN ELEGANT Chromo and Sunset Chimes for three months. Try it. Sunset Chimes Pub. Co. 75 Madison St., Chicago.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. Agent's outfit, 10c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

25 2-PLY CARDS, all styles with name, 10 Cents post-paid. J. W. Brockway, Wilson, N. Y.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
Cured and Prevented
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
Relieved in a Few Minutes
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints,

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days will effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Blip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
BY
DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.
DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.

ANTI-FAT

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT is the great remedy for Corpulence. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. Taken in accordance with directions, it will reduce a fat person from two to five pounds per week.

"Corpulence is not only a disease itself, but the harbinger of others," so wrote Hippocrates two thousand years ago, and what was true then is none the less so to-day. Sold by druggists, or sent, by express, for $1.50. Quarter-dozen $4.00. Address,

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, Buffalo, N.Y.

WARNER BROS' CORSETS

Are justly celebrated for their superior style and workmanship. Their

HEALTH CORSET,

with Skirt Supporters and self-adjusting pads, has a world-wide reputation. Price $1.50. Their Nursing Corset is the delight of every mother. Price, $1.75. Their new

Flexible Hip Corset,

(20 bones), is warranted not to break down over the hips. Price, $2.25.

For sale by leading merchants. Samples sent by mail on receipt of prices.

Warner Bros., 351 Broadway, N. Y.

GREATEST BARGAINS in PIANOS & ORGANS during the month ever known in the U.S. We are determined to maintain our position as the CHEAPEST and most RELIABLE House in the World, and will for 15 Days only offer Fifty New 7-Octave Pianos, and SECOND-HAND INSTRUMENTS of BEST makers including WATERS' & SHONINGERS, place them within the reach of every family in the land by offering them at FACTORY PRICES, all fully warranted. We have been in the business nearly Thirty Years and cannot be Undersold on first-class Instruments, by any house in America. Take advantage of this GREAT OFFER and send for Catalogue of prices. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 40 East 14th St., New York.

C. J. HEPPE,
Cor. Sixth and Thompson Sts., Phila., Pa.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured, without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. Sherman's system. Office, 251 Broadway, N. Y. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents. Beware of fraudulent imitations.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. Taylor, Bros. & Co., Cleveland, O.

SCARCE GOODS, Books, Photos., etc. Sample & Catalogue, 2c. Paris Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

PECULIAR BOOKS FREE. Send your address and that of a friend to Lock box 28, Phila., Pa.

OUR AUGUST CUSTOMERS
WILL FIND
A FULL STOCK
—OF—
DRY GOODS,
—AT—
VERY SMALL PRICES,
BOUGHT ON A
Falling Market.
JOHN WANAMAKER,
GRAND DEPOT.
THIRTEENTH ST., - - - PHILA.

TUBE-ROSE.

BY JAMES HUNTER MCCULLOCH.

Flower of the day,
Fragrant and white,
Stately and slender,
That sways in the soft summer breeze:
How didst thou know
Just when to burst
Forth in thy splendor?
Who told thee the gift that would please?

Oh, flower of our day!
From the dead earth,
Through the live hours,
Distilling thy fragrance,
Exquisite perfume,
Delicate flowers:
We will endeavor,
Even as thou,
O Tube-rose in bloom!
Out of this life
Flowers to bring forth,
Rich in perfume!

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

BROKEN HOPES.

Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like thieves of earth.
—*Montgomery.*

Mrs. Dallas was mistaken. Nothing was further from Colonel Leslie's intention at that moment than borrowing money. It was his custom to make raids upon the pockets of all his friends—to borrow wherever and whenever he could get people to lend to him. His I O U's were as plentiful as blackberries on a country common, and the name of his bills were legion; but he had weightier matter in his hand on this sunny June morning than even the raising of funds.

In hopeless desperation, seeing that the lady would not ask him a question or help him in the least, he plunged headlong into his subject.

"It is a matter concerning our young people, madam," he remarked; "our children."

"*Yours*, if you please. Arthur Dallas is my nephew—not my son."

"Confound her matter-of-fact notions!" said the Colonel to himself. "I was speaking figuratively, of course," he added aloud.

"Oh, perhaps so," she then replied. "Well?"

"We will call call them young people then. My visit concerns them and their interests very nearly."

"And not your own?"

"Certainly not, except as mine are bound up in those of my child. In short, my dear madam, the question I want to ask you is"—the Colonel paused and wiped his face, for the perspiration was beginning to stand upon his forehead—"is Mr. Dallas your heir? Will he inherit Whiteladies?"

"Sir!"

Anything like the withering look with which Mrs. Dallas regarded him, Colonel Leslie had never seen, and he ardently wished himself in India, or anywhere else, so that he were well out of the glare of those angry eyes.

"By what right do you put such a question to me?"

"By the right of my daughter's interests!" the Colonel replied. "She is engaged to marry Mr. Dallas, and it is but right I should known what her future husband's prospects are."

"Prospects, sir?"

"Yes, madam, prospects. It is certainly the duty of every father to ascertain that much, at least, about the future husband of his child."

Mrs. Dallas made a grimace—the very slightest—just a lifting of her delicate eyebrows—nothing more, but the Colonel saw it, and foamed inwardly, though he managed to preserve his outward calmness, and tried to speak gently.

"My daughter is of honorable descent, madam, and——"

"I have ascertained that, sir," was the quiet reply, "or I should not have allowed this thing to go on for a single day. Her mother, poor woman, did you the honor to marry you."

"Madam!"

"Oh, you need not fire up and look fierce, Colonel Leslie. A man is none the worse for hearing the simple truth sometimes from a woman's lips. I say she honored you by taking you for a husband."

"You have been misinformed, madam. My wife—and a good woman she was—was only a country clergyman's daughter. I am a Leslie. Perhaps you are not aware of the standing of the Leslies in the west of England."

"I have heard of *one* well-known member of the family," said the old lady, with a smile. "The celebrated King of the Beggars came from that stock. I should hardly think that to have married *his* daughter, would have been thought an honor."

The Colonel writhed.

He would like to have annihilated this aggravating old woman where she sat, and yet she spoke in the coolest possible tone, and never raised her voice once, or looked otherwise than amiable while she sat talking to him in this withering fashion.

"My name is not to be coupled with his, madam," he replied, half choking and feeling as though he should like to get up and box her ears. "A madman who disgraced himself and his race, and dragged the family name through the mire by his profligacy and wickedness."

"A clever scoundrel, too, I have heard," Mrs. Dallas replied. "And some of his virtues have doubtless descended. The name of Leslie does not recommend your daughter to me in the least. It is her own beauty and goodness, and unassuming gentleness which have descended to her from the country clergyman's daughter. I am pretty well up in the story of your married life, Colonel. I made it my business to inquire into your girl's antecedents."

The worthy Colonel began to get fidgety. There was a good deal in the past he would rather not have had inquired into. His treatment of the gentle creature whom he had won by his handsome face and insinuating manners, had been anything but manly, and it was whispered that he had hastened her end considerably by his ill-usage.

He must get rid of this topic. So he brought the conversation round to the original subject.

"I don't think it necessary to discuss my wife," he said. "She has been dead many years. Mr. Dallas is the person I want to talk about."

"Did I make any inquiry into your concerns?" the old lady asked, irascibly. "If two young people choose to link their fortunes together, and make fools of themselves, they take the consequences."

"My daughter shall not marry a man who cannot place her in a position as good as——"

"As the one he takes her from," interrupted Mrs. Dallas, with a curl of her lip. "That would be very easy, I should imagine, and would not cost much. Oh, you need not look so angry, Colonel. I know pretty much of what is going on in the world, though I am shut up here at Whiteladies. If my nephew were utterly penniless he would place Miss Leslie in a better position by marrying her than the one she holds as your daughter. He is a gentleman, and an honorable one in every sense of the word."

"Madam!"

"I mean what I say," she said. "And you know that your child is honored by being taken into an old and unstained family. You could not marry her anywhere. *That* consideration had nothing to do with me, for she is a dear girl, and lovable and good as ever was a woman in the world. If you are well satisfied, so am I."

"But I'm not."

"Why?"

"Because I have Mabel's interests to consider, and I have heard that—that you are the uncontrolled mistress of your property—can will it as you please, in fact."

"I can."

"Therefore I think I have the right to ask whether Mr. Dallas will succeed you. I cannot give up my darling child to a man without the means to support her."

"Has my nephew been talking of his succession, Colonel Leslie? Has he been bragging that Whiteladies will be his some day? If he has, I am mistaken in the boy."

"He has never said anything about it that I know of."

"Then you have taken it for granted, and given your consent to the marriage as a speculation, as it were?"

"I naturally imagined——"

"Don't leave anything to imagination, Colonel. I never do. I should like to know what has prompted this questioning of yours to-day, and why you did not make this all-important inquiry before this time?"

"I have my reasons for not telling you that. But I do not think my question unfair."

"I do, and decline to answer it."

"You will not tell me in what circumstances your nephew will be placed at your death?"

"I will not."

"Nor whether you will set the young people up in life?"

"I will answer no impertinent questions at all, sir. Were you in a position to give your daughter a fortune, I might discuss the matter with you, but as she will bring her husband nothing but the clothes she stands upright in, I decline giving you any information whatever."

"Very good, madam; then I decline utterly to allow my daughter to enter your family."

"Oh, as you please!" was Mrs. Dallas' retort, and the Colonel took his hat and went off in a rage, leaving the mistress of Whiteladies chuckling to herself, as if she were amused at something. "Now, how much has he got bold of, I wonder?" she said to herself, as she watched him down the avenue, and marked the way he shook his fist in the air now and then, all unconscious that he could be seen. "He's an impertinent, offensive fellow, and I hope I have seen the last of him. Pincher, open the windows; that man reeked of vile tobacco."

The Colonel was most particular in his smoking—nothing but the choicest cigars ever touched his lips, and he certainly had brought no odor of them into Mrs. Dallas' library, but she chose to declare that he had.

"It's Mr. Arthur's father-in-law that's to be, isn't it, ma'am?" Pincher asked, as she obeyed her mistress' command, and opened the windows.

She was an old and privileged servant, and was accustomed to talk to Mrs. Dallas pretty much as she liked.

"H'm! That's as it may be," the lady replied. "I'm not at all sure that the match will ever come off. I don't see that anything is gained by marriage, and perhaps Mr. Arthur may come to see the folly of it. It is folly, Pincher—and nothing but folly."

"Yes ma'am," said Pincher, meekly, writhing inwardly at the look of malicious mischief in her mistress' eyes.

For years it had been the aim of her life to marry the butler, James Bellairs, but Mrs. Dallas interposed. If they married, she declared, they should both leave her service at once. She would have no married servants in her house. So they stayed on year after year, saving and serving for the sake of a legacy promised them by their eccentric mistress if they were faithful to their duties and to her.

Of course, they were going to be married "some day," that uncertain period really meaning after Mrs. Dallas was dead. And their mistress knew what was in their hearts, and enjoyed the waiting to which she was condemning two greedy, avaricious people. They had agreed between themselves that she would not live long. They knew her state of health to be very precarious, and they told themselves that time was no object in the matter.

They were neither of them young. Bellairs was a middle-aged man, with sprinkles of gray in his respectable head, and Mrs. Pincher looked a prim woman of forty. She was not so much as that by a good five years, but the constant association with her mistress had given her a staid air and manner.

"Do you think it folly in a young gentleman to marry, ma'am?" asked Pincher, after a pause.

"I think it folly in anybody," was the sharp retort. "Drop the subject if you please."

And yet there had been a time when the withered heart had beat high with hope and love, and there had been bright hope and happiness in the future of Dacia Dallas. She had not always thought marriage "folly," and it was not till the man she loved jilted her for another, and blighted her young life with his falsehood, that she steeled herself against all mankind, and railed upon good and bad alike.

Colonel Leslie went home in much perturbation, and with an angry face. Mabel was not at home, and he went out in search of her, knowing pretty well where she was. He made straight for the little nook in the rocks, where the two were sitting, too intent upon one another to see or hear his approach, and laid his hand on Mabel's shoulder.

"I want you, Mab," he said; "come with me at once."

She started to her feet, frightened at the strange tone of voice, and the anger in his face.

"What is it, papa?" she said. "Has anything happened?"

"No. But I have something to say to you in private."

Arthur Dallas drew back at the last words. He had been going to accompany Mabel.

"Presently, sir," the Colonel said in a freezing tone, "I will speak with you upon a little matter."

With the stiffest and most frigid of bows, he drew his daughter's hand through his arm and walked away, leaving the young man stricken dumb with astonishment and wonder.

"What is in the wind now?" he said to himself. "I suppose he and the old lady have been quarreling. They are flint and steel when they get together—sure to fire up."

He did not fancy it was anything of more importance than some slight wound to the Colonel's dignity. He would have been somewhat puzzled if he could have heard what was passing between that gentleman and his daughter.

"Mabel, there must be no more nonsense," he said, when they were out of hearing of Arthur Dallas.

"What nonsense, papa?"

"This lovemaking between you and that young fellow."

"Papa!"

"Oh, don't look at me in that injured fashion. I mean what I say. All this fooling must stop at once. You must give it up."

"Never while I live," said Mabel firmly. "Arthur Dallas is my affianced husband. I love him dearly, and had your consent to my love. I will not give him up, even at your bidding without cause."

"I do not ask you to do it without cause. There is reason enough, heaven knows. I am glad I found it out in time. He is an imposter, Mab, and no husband for my daughter."

"An imposter, papa!" said Mabel, wondering whether she were awake or asleep, and whether she were not in some strange dream, from which she should presently awake. "What do you mean?" she faltered.

They were at home by this time, and he drew her into the sitting-room and shut the door.

"Just this, Mab, and I expect you to be a sensible girl, and listen to reason. Arthur Dallas is not what he seems."

"How can that be, papa? He is no imposter. Have we not both been at Whiteladies? Would Mrs. Dallas receive him as she does, if he were not her nephew, do you suppose?"

"He may be her nephew. I don't dispute that. But he is not her *heir*."

"Is that all?" said Mabel, with a sigh of relief.

Money seems so little when love is uppermost, and she forgot for the moment that it was all in all to her father.

"All!" he exclaimed. "Is that not enough? You are a perfect idiot, I declare."

"Perhaps I am; but I don't see why it should part Arthur and me. We don't love each other for money."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

What are the fashions? Are there many changes? Will we have something decidedly new? Such queries are generally heard towards the end or beginning of each month.

In midsummer, however, the fair votaries of fashion are generally absorbed in the enjoyment of such charms of dress as have already been provided by the versatile talent of that wonderful dame, feeling quite assured that with the incoming tide of autumn, there will be everything fresh and new; so for the present we will satisfy ourselves with all that is within our gaze, and wait a while before wandering to such new fields of fashion.

The midsummer fashions bring out all the richness and variety which belongs to midsummer dress, for the list of the many charming accessories to one's toilette are as endless as the variety of costumes.

Prominent in the list of these attractions I find the charming variety of fichus made of lace muslin and ornamented with dainty ruffles or plaitings of lace, or fine cambric, mingled with knots and ends of narrow colored satin ribbon. Among the most becoming of these fichus I may mention one made of the finest India muslin, edged with a tiny pleated frill of the same. On the fichu is laid another piece of the muslin, which forms a deep collar cut square at the bust, and similarly frilled on the edge; the fichu is crossed in front and finished at the ends with two long loops of white satin ribbon, one end of which is caught and looped up again, with a flounce on the left side. Simple as this style is, nothing can exceed its elegance on a slender figure. Another form of fichu is termed the "peasant," composed of a handkerchief-shaped piece, with a gay colored border, and suitable for any style of morning dress.

Another more dressy style is a square of fine white cambric, edged with colored embroidered ruffles, in two shades of blue, pink and cardinal, or red and blue, which is a becoming addition to a morning costume of white or colored cambric or lawn.

A very pretty style suitable for evening or dress occasions, is made of white crepe lisse, with a ruffle of the same embroidered in silk of several colors. One of particularly dainty and pretty effect was embroidered in a delicate design of blue forget-me-nots and pink wild roses. I may add, for the convenience of my readers, that Mr. Wanamaker has a complete and charming variety at very low prices.

Dressy costumes for the season claim the attention of all of our leading modistes, who seem to delight in displaying their taste and originality in these charming toilettes.

A costume of white barege is made over a long trained skirt of white silk, for which may be substituted the soft silk finished silk-lace, so much used for the underskirts of thin materials. This is trimmed with three knife plaitings of barege, edged each side with narrow Valenciennes lace. Three scarfs of the barege are draped in irregular festoons across the front, and each one edged with white crimped or moss fringe; the back drapery falls in irregular length over the train, and is edged with a narrow pleating, over which falls the fringe; at the sides the drapery is caught by knots and ends of white satin ribbon. The corsage is in cuirasse form, piped with satin on the edge; the square cut neck is trimmed with a narrow pleating edged with lace; sleeves to the elbow, with pleatings and satin bows.

A pretty novelty in the arrangement of flowers on evening dresses consists in placing the long trailing vines at the side in the form of loops, to retain the Watteau panniers now worn.

Most novel of all is a Worth dress of white barege, trimmed with many kiltings, made of Scotch plaid silk, in which red and blue are the principal colors. The skirt has several plaid pleatings, and a single row edges the overskirt and Marie Antoinette fichu. The bodices of such dresses have blouse fronts, with plaid silk waistcoats. Another way of using these plaid silks is shown by Worth in travelling dresses that have a lower skirt of black and white checked silk, with an overdress of gray camel's hair opened in front from the waist to the feet to show the plaid skirt.

Very pretty and simple short costumes are made, the mode of which has become very acceptable for the country or general morning wear. A costume is made of cambric with a small chintz design; the short skirt is edged with two pleated flounces, and the tunic is turned up in the *lavenue* or washerwoman style; the bodice is pleated with or without the yoke, and is one of the most popular styles.

Mastic foulard and Swedish gray foulard are very popular made in this style, and worn with silk skirts, trimmed with two kiltings, edged with Valenciennes lace. The foulard tunic is draped at the side with a puff, bordered with lace. The yoke bodice is made with a gros grain waistband of the same color, but a darker shade. Demi-long sleeves, with wide Valenciennes sewn on flat and turned up on the sleeve; a Valenciennes jabot on the high bodice.

Russian embroidery on ecru linen is much used for trimming summer dresses, and very thin materials are ornamented with small ruches, in which Valenciennes lace is introduced. The Russian embroideries are very varied, but always of bright colors, such as red and blue, mixed with yellow and moss-green, and they are sold in bands of different widths. Some very wide bands are intended for the lavenue tunics now so popular, the narrower bands being used for basques and sleeve trimmings. The Louis XIII. *flot* bows, made of double face or reversible satin, ornament all summer dresses.

These *flots* or clusters of hanging loops are fastened at the throat, at the top of the back, on the pocket at one side, and at the edge of the lavenue tunic at the other side. The most effective are made of narrow satin ribbon which is dark on one side and light on the other, and bows of two colors are prettiest—cardinal and black, navy blue and cardinal, turquoise blue and carmelite, prune and straw color, moss-green and blue, gray and carmine, etc.; black satin and cardinal and gold for black dresses.

On warm days lace confections make their appearance. The round cardinal capes, reaching to the elbows, made entirely of rows of jet or silk fringe, or of pleated lace, are the most approved. There are also pretty mantles made up on net foundations that are covered with rows of pleated French lace. The net is cut to fit the shoulders closely; the fronts are long and narrow, the lace used is three inches wide and laid on in small kilts one row slightly overlapping the next. Five rows are sufficient for the back; a line of jet heading heads the upper row, and lastly there is a standing pleating of lace. These are really shoulder capes with mantle fronts. Then there is the Spanish mantle made of blonde, sometimes called the Madralina and at other times the Andalusia. These are in regular mantilla shape, with round cape back and longer ends in front.

The fashion for fancy waistcoats increases. Striped silk waistcoats are considered especially elegant in black, cream or beige brown, with satin stripes of the same shade. When brocaded waistcoats are used, some of the brocade appears as trimming for the sleeves, collar, and as the wide turned-up revers on the tablier of the lavenue overskirt. White Turkish toweling and pique waistcoats are very popular with black dresses; black and white checked woolen waistcoats are also pretty, and serve to lighten black costumes.

Mitts are again worn at small summer receptions. They are made in fine netting, with white or pearly white silk, and trimmed with a darker color, or in point *d'aiguille*, or in black Chantilly lace; and with lace mitts the black velvet bracelets, fastened with large buckles of paste diamonds, are reappearing. These were fashionable during Louis XV.'s reign, when elastic was unknown, for such bracelets, besides being ornamental, are most useful in keeping mitts in place. Stockings with Valenciennes lace let in down the centre, or at the side, are now considered extremely elegant, for black silk stockings. Chantilly lace is introduced in a similar manner. In shoes, the Charles X. form, with a strap across the instep, remains the favorite, and the strap is frequently fastened at the side with either a button or a small buckle. For evening wear, kid shoes to match the dress are fashionable; bronze kid is now exclusively reserved for boots. Some *elegantes* embroider their monograms or coronets on their shoes and mitts. The most costly parasol handles are affected this season; elaborate Chinese carved ivory handles, old Dresden handles, jade, lapis lazuli handles, are all to be seen, and abroad some are encrusted with precious stones.

On the other hand, young girls are dressed very simply this summer, although the strictest attention is paid to the accessories of their toilettes. Stockings match in color their short costumes, as the strapped shoes now permit hosiery to be visible. Kilted skirts are much worn, the pleats turned one way, and faced around the hem with crinoline lawn. For morning wear, the yoke blouse and lavenue tunic are very generally adopted; below the yoke there is a pleated basque, and a waistband is worn. The yokes are usually trimmed, which adds much to their effect, and this trimming may be turned upward toward the collar or down toward the belt, according to fancy. Thus a pink, blue or cream colored lawn yoke will have Smyrna lace or Madeira edging, with the scolloped edge turned upward; a barred gingham will have a band of solid-colored percale around the yoke; a blue, or ecru, or gray bunting will have three rows of white braid, or else one broad row; cashmere or camel's hair of olive brown will have shaded olive and blue embroidery, with the scolloped edges turned down; and a checked silk yoke will have a pleated frill or a tiny pinked frill gathered in the middle. The edge of the basque and the sleeves are trimmed to match the yoke, and the same is also seen on the upper edge of the turned-up band on the lavenue overskirt. This overskirt is especially pretty for girls' dresses, and is also very fashionable for ladies. The front breadth is cut so broad that side gores are not used, as many seams would interfere with the shape of the turned-up band when the material is alike on both sides and permits it to be merely turned up, instead of being cut off, turned on the other side, and sewed to the bottom of the overskirt. If a different material is used for this band, it is more effective, and is then simply faced on the outer side of the apron. The back breadth may hang plain, but is more fanciful if tied by a bow, or if made slightly bouffant by drapery. The turned-up band is sometimes extended across the back widths also; when it is confined to the top breadth, the trimming at the top should extend down the sides of the band. The round skirt has but one side gore, and a full back breadth. It should hang evenly all around, without dipping in the back. The pleated flounces are more dress; when trimmed to match the other parts of the dress.

Our Fireside Chat.

Something About Butter.—"There's folks as make bad butter and trust to the salt to hide it," said Mrs. Poyser. Ah! but the salt will not hide it. Bad butter proclaims itself, it is an abomination, an annoyance, a loss, and an injury. It is unwholesome and unpalatable. It is good for nothing, neither for eating nor for cooking. Good butter, on the contrary, is exquisite, tempting, delicious. It melts in the mouth as butter should do. It crowns the efforts of the skillful cook, and helps to hide the short-comings of the unskillful one. It gives satisfaction however it is used. It is a most valuable food, less likely to disagree with the stomach than any other fat, and is liked and enjoyed by the sick as well as the hale and strong. Among the cultivated and refined it is everywhere regarded as an indispensable article of daily food, and the meal is incomplete from which it is absent. In short, it is one of the crowning luxuries of a perfect meal.

But now about understanding butter. Butter is either fresh or salt. A little salt is put even with the best butter, but the quantity ought not to exceed half an ounce to the pound.

There is a simple plan by which the common adulterations can be discovered. This is to put some of the suspected butter into a glass tube and plunge it into hot water until all the substance is melted. After a little while it will separate into layers, and then the different ingredients which enter into the composition will lie in marked distinctness before us. If lard is present it will be of a paler color than the butter. If little pieces of skin are found, coarse animal fats have been introduced; and if bits of thread are there, rag pulp has been used for adulteration.

Supposing, however, that the butter is tolerably good and pure, there will be seen in the bottom of the tube a little, very little, water; on this, and like it by no means conspicuous, will be the curd, and at the top of it all will lie the true butter or milk-fat, which will in appearance much resemble oil.

Then the taste of butter is influenced by the kind of food upon which the cow has been fed; a pleasant and delicate aroma being given to it by some pastures which is not afforded by others. If strong or improper food has been given to the cow, the butter is sure to be affected. Thus butter is much stronger when the cow is fed on turnips than when it is fed on grass or hay. Besides this, a very unpleasant flavor is frequently noticeable in butter made in the autumn, and this is caused by the cow having eaten fallen and decayed leaves with its food.

A good deal of difficulty is experienced by housekeepers in keeping butter in good condition. It is so liable, and especially in hot weather, to become rancid. It should be generally known that if rancid butter be washed first in good new milk, and afterwards in cold spring-water, it will become as good as ever. The rancidity in butter is due to the presence of what chemists call butyric acid, and this is freely soluble in fresh milk.

Fresh butter will keep sweet for a long time if it is put into a bowl with plenty of water, with every half gallon of which a teaspoonful of tartaric acid has been mixed. This water should be changed every five or six days, and oftener in hot weather. Butter thus treated has been known to retain its freshness at the end of two months under the existence of a temperature from 60 to 68 degs. Fahr.

In summer time butter is frequently presented in an oily condition. This is, however, quite unnecessary, for it may easily be kept firm with ice, or, failing this, by the adoption of either of the two following methods:

1. Put the butter on a soup plate and place upon it an inverted flower-pot covered with a cloth, then pour water on the plate.

2. Put the butter in a bowl and place this in a dish that contains water in which a little saltpetre has been dissolved. Lay on and around the bowl a clean cloth with the ends in the saltpetre-water, and keep the bowl in a cool and dark place.

If it is wished to preserve butter for a considerable time, it is a good plan to press it into pots to within an inch of the top, then lay on it some coarse-grained salt about half an inch thick, covering each pot with a plate or slate. By long keeping the salt runs to brine, which forms an air-tight covering for the butter, which can be easily poured off when the butter is wanted.

An authority recommends a plan by which he declares that butter may be kept in a cool place for years, and if packed so as not to melt will even bear a voyage to the East Indies. According to this method, each pound of butter is incorporated thoroughly with 1 oz. of a mixture made of 1 oz. of saltpetre, 1 oz. white sugar, and 2 oz. large-grained salt, all finely powdered. "Butter thus prepared does not acquire its proper taste until it has stood for three or four weeks, when it is found to have a rich marrow-like flavor which no other butter ever possesses."

The French in their cookery use a great deal more butter than we do, and an American housekeeper would be appalled at the quantity disposed of in a French kitchen. But we are not in a position to blame them in this respect. They save more by utilizing the scraps and pieces than we do by being sparing of butter, and if we had learnt to employ the fragments as they do, we could well afford to enrich our dishes in the same way. In various ways they use butter for sauce. *Ravigote* butter is butter incorporated with chopped herbs, pepper, salt and lemon juice. It is served with steaks and broiled fish. *Maitre d'hotel* butter is butter kneaded with chopped parsley, pepper, salt and lemon juice, and a pat is put cold either under or upon broiled meat or fish, and melts in the dish. When a dish is said to be *a la maitre-d'hotel*, it is almost always served either with this butter or with what is called *maitre d'hotel* sauce, which is only melted butter with chopped parsley added to it. Anchovy butter is made with butter and pounded anchovies.

There are simpler preparations of butter sauces than these, however, which are most excellent, and which can be prepared so easily that it is a pity they are not more generally known. Among these the most important are "black butter," the French *beurre noir*, a piquant sauce used for fish, calf's brains, and similar dishes. It is made by melting fresh butter in a small saucepan and letting it remain over the fire till it is brown, without being at all burnt. It is then mixed with vinegar which has been boiled rapidly till it is considerably reduced, pepper and salt are added, and the sauce, after being passed through a strainer, is ready to serve. *Beurre a la noisette*, or "nut-brown butter," is one of the most perfect of fish sauces. It is made by melting fresh butter and allowing it, not to brown, but to acquire a light golden tinge. When this point is reached, the butter is taken at once from the fire and served with salt and a little lemon-juice. Oiled butter, another simple sauce highly esteemed by epicures, is nothing but fresh butter melted to oil, but not colored at all, then strained to free it from the milky sediment contained in the butter, and slightly salted before being served.

It must not be thought, however, that butter is esteemed everywhere alike. In this country, in Sweden, and elsewhere it is made and used in large quantities, and it is employed in England so generally that, in addition to that made at home, 80,000 tons of foreign butter are imported annually, and it has been estimated that in London only the consumption amounts to 15,000 tons. In India it is made from the milk of buffaloes, and under the name of "ghee" is universally used in native cookery. In Brazil it is largely used, and quantities are imported from England, France, and Germany, in addition to that made by the natives. The Brazilians churn their butter in a very curious fashion. Sometimes they put the milk into a bottle, and shake it till the butter comes, then to get it out they break off the top of the bottle. Another plan is to put the milk into a hide, and let this be shaken well by two natives, one at each end, or else be dragged on the ground after a galloping horse till the butter appears. Yet in Southern Europe butter is very sparingly used, and in Italy, Spain, and Portugal it is sold by the apothecaries as an ointment for external application—as we use it also ourselves, for if one gets a knock or a bump, there is nothing more natural in the world than to rub the place at once with butter.

In choosing butter it should be remembered that fresh butter should be of a pleasant odor, and of an equal color throughout. If it smells sour it has not been sufficiently freed from the buttermilk; if it is streaked or veiny it has probably been worked up with stale butter or lard. It is a good plan with salt butter to plunge a knife right into it, and if when this is withdrawn it has a rancid or unpleasant smell, the butter is bad. When butter is bought in a tub it is best to have the cask unhooped and try the butter in different parts, for it is more than probable that the butter has been made at different times, and is not all alike in quality.

Clever housekeepers with artistic tendencies are very fond of making butter look pretty for the table. One of the methods they employ for this purpose is to "squirt" the butter. This is done by rolling a piece of stiff white paper to the shape of a sugar bag, and squeezing the butter in strings through a hole in the bottom. Butter thus prepared may be dished, and garnished with small sprigs of parsley, or it may be used to ornament glazed hams, tongues, etc. "Scooped butter is made by scooping the butter quickly and tidily with a scooper that has been dipped in warm water. "Curled butter" is made by putting the butter into a cloth, two ends of which are fastened to a hook in the wall, and the other two or tied in a knot so that a stick might pass through. The cloth is twisted tightly, so that the butter shall fall in small curly strings through the knot into a dish put under it to receive it. Very pretty moulds are sold and extensively used for shaping butter. They should be kept perfectly clean, and before being used should be wetted with cold spring water in order to prevent the butter from sticking to them. Scotch hands for moulding butter are very inexpensive and very easily managed. They consist of two plain pieces of wood fluted in the inside. They require to be soaked in cold water before being used, and if used constantly should be kept in a bowl of water to be ready when wanted. The butter should be taken up between them in small portions, and rolled either into balls or small rolls, and if these are put on a butter dish and garnished with parsley they may be made to look very pretty.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

MARIA, (Luzerne, Pa.)—We do not think the violin a lady's instrument. Better endeavor to excel on the piano.

J. L., (Butts, Ga.)—Ceruse is white lead paint; litharge is fused protoxide of lead; and talc is a beautiful mineral found in India.

SARAH, (Dickinson, Kansas.)—It would be simply an act of madness for you to go and risk your little capital in a business of which you are utterly ignorant.

OLD SCHOOLMARM, (Rutland, Vt.)—The change of voice at your age is natural enough. Sliced lemon in brown sugar is a good thing to clear the voice before singing.

MARY, (Fon du Lac, Wis.)—The bride removes the glove from the left hand just before the ceremony of putting on the ring. The right hand remains gloved.

E. G., (Germantown, Pa.)—In a case where a man of about two-and-twenty can maintain a wife, and the lady is eighteen, they would be fully justified in marrying.

J. S. M., (Chenango, N. Y.)—There is no particular study that will make you proficient in common conversation. Some persons never do acquire conversational powers.

D. D. D., (Lewis, W. Va.)—It would take you at least a year to acquire a good knowledge of the French language. It would be useless to seek employment there without it.

PURSUIVANT, (Sioux, Iowa.)—Marquis is a title next in dignity to that of duke, first given to those who commanded the marches; that is, the borders and frontiers of countries.

A. N., (Isanti, Minn.)—There is no particular finger on which a gentleman should wear a ring; it is purely a matter of taste. English ladies wear the engagement ring on the left hand.

HELENA, (Portland, Me.)—Cold cream applied at night, and a good rubbing with a coarse towel in the morning at the time of ablutions, will perhaps remove the black spots on the skin.

ALEXANDER, (New York, N. Y.)—From your style and orthography, we really cannot give you much encouragement in your literary endeavors, and should earnestly advise you to turn to some other vocation.

ECLIPSE, (Baltimore, Md.)—The diameter of the bodies in the solar system are: The Sun 883,246 miles; Mercury 3,224; Venus 7,687; the Earth 7,916; Moon 2,200; Mars 4,189; Jupiter 89,170; Saturn 74,042; Herschel 35,112.

C. C., (Lawrence, Pa.)—Jealousy and love are not indissolubly united. Jealousy is love diseased. A woman cannot love the man to whose infidelities she can remain indifferent. Jealousy and mortification are the results of infidelity and inattention.

WESLEY, (San Diego, Cal.)—The poems of Homer were chiefly traditional and oral, till Pisistratus collected them in writing four or five hundred years after the age of the poet, just as the poems of the Scottish poet, Ossian, were collected by Macpherson.

HASTINGS, (Kent, Mich.)—The young gentleman certainly acts with prudence in declining to marry until he can maintain a wife; and he is also the best judge of what his wants are likely to be, and consequently of the amount of income he shall require to get along with.

J. M., (Fillmore, Minn.)—In using the concertina the beginner must avoid two faults: the first, drawing or pressing the bellows without touching a note; the second, jerking or snatching suddenly when the note is touched, for by so doing you may injure a good instrument.

TEMPUS, (Essex, Mass.)—We are quite unable to advise a young man of whom we have not the slightest knowledge, how he can improve his position. Such advice can only be given honestly and usefully, by his friends who are well acquainted with his habits, manners, abilities, etc.

IRA, (Mecklenburgh, N. C.)—As you do not say what the "circumstances" are which will probably prevent your marrying the young lady whom you love, and who loves you in return, we cannot give you any advice on the subject. If the circumstances be merely pecuniary ones, time will probably cure them.

B. C., (Warren, Texas.)—It is a wrong idea that the expression, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book," is from Byron. It is found in the thirty-first chapter, thirty-fifth verse, of the book of Job, and reads, "My desire is, that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book."

INDABT, (Ouachita, La.)—The difference of religion is often a serious consideration between persons in respect to the propriety of marriage; but we do not know about its acting as an insuperable barrier if there be a deep and sincere attachment. We really know not how to advise you farther in this matter.

REBECCA, (Floyd, Va.)—You should be more patient with your aged mother's feelings. It is not at all probable that she behaves half so foolishly or willfully as you did when she had the care of you. It is also probable that she had far more cause to get out of patience with you, than you now have to be exasperated at her.

J. E., (Beaver, Pa.)—It strikes us that a young lady who is industrious and studious, and obeys and assists her mother, is much more likely to win not only the respect, but the love of any sensible gentleman, than the one who selfishly consults only her own ease and gratification, however much she may dress and play the agreeable.

YOUTHFUL, (Queen Anne, Md.)—When you are in doubt between two words choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rogue; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically express what you have to say.

C. E., (Edgar, Ill.)—It is not a bad sign for your lover to hesitate about getting married until he can get enough money laid up to ensure a fair degree of freedom from pecuniary cares. Let him have his own way about it; and in the meantime you can be improving your leisure hours by study, and the practice of domestic duties in your mother's household.

LULU, (Phila., Pa.)—You are acting indirectly in walking out with a gentleman unknown to your father. Moreover the gentleman has not as yet declared his intentions. You ought at once to desist from meeting him; and then, if he really loves you and means honorably, he will soon seek you in an open, straightforward way at your own residence.

Q. L., (Wayne, N. C.)—Questions may be put either in an affirmative or negative form, as "Is it?" or "Is it not?" The former implies inquiry to remove ignorance; the latter is a challenge to contradict. The proper affirmative answer to the former is "Yes;" to the latter "No;" but custom has established the practice of giving "Yes" as the affirmative answer to both.

PLEDGE, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—Many a man has been rescued from ruin by the wise counsels of his wife; and many a foolish husband has most seriously injured himself and family by the rejection of the advice of his wife, stupidly fearing that if he followed it, he would be regarded as henpecked. A husband can never consult a counsellor more deeply interested in his welfare than his wife.

S. F., (Bosque, Tex.)—If epileptic fits be congenital, hereditary, and dependent upon some occult state of the nervous system, the disorder is generally irremediable. Almost all that can be done is merely to ascertain and endeavor, if possible, to obviate the exciting causes of the disease; and during every paroxysm to loosen every bandage about the neck and head, preserve the apartment as airy as possible, and be careful that the patient does not inflict injury upon himself by his agitation.

HENRY POLK, (South Bend, Ind.)—You complain of being sleepy-headed, and unable to rise early in the morning; that is to say, at a time proper to enable you to attend to business at a due hour. As a cure you cannot perhaps adopt a more effectual plan than what was followed by the celebrated philosopher, Boyle; let some one throw a bucket of water over you at a given hour, for a few mornings, and you will not only awake at the necessary period, but the drowsy habit, you will find, will soon be chased away.

S. D., (Marion, Ala.)—Where the acquaintance has been an old one, and the lovers have known each other from childhood, there is often but little to learn. It is in those cases where a previous knowledge of each other has not been obtained—where the habits and principles are but little understood, that caution is so much required. A fair face and a fine figure are not the best credentials. Yet are they the most obvious and the most likely to excite admiration. Time is required to find out what is within the beautiful exterior.

QUEBEC, (Quebec, Can.)—The fortified castles with which England was covered previous to the order of the Long Parliament for their destruction, were chiefly built between the time of the conquest and the reign of Edward III. It is said that in St. Stephen's reign, between eighty and ninety years after the Conquest, no less than 1,115 had been built. They were places of security, in which the Norman usurpers and tyrannical oppressors might insult the people with impunity; and the same thing was done in Ireland as late as the age of Charles I. 2. We do not know.

ROBERT, (Hampden, Mass.)—The combs in hives that have stood for several years, become black and useless, because the bees never clean out the cells in which the brood has been reared, and the skins which the young bees cast gradually fill up the cells until they are too small for breeding. In consequence, the hives get weaker and weaker, swarming cannot take place, and at last the bees die. To prevent this fatal end, you may in spring, before breeding-time commences, after fumigating the bees a little, turn up the hive, and cut out half the comb; put the bees in again, and during the summer they will fill up the vacancy and have room for breeding. Next spring take out the remainder of the comb in the same way.

MONTPELIER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Early rising has been often extolled, and extolled in vain; for people think that an hour's additional sleep is very comfortable, and can make very little difference, after all. But an hour gained or wasted every day makes a great difference in the length of our lives, which we may see by a very simple calculation. First, we all say that the average of mankind spend fifteen hours of every twenty-four awake and employed, and eight in bed. Now, each year having 365 days, if a diligent person abstract from sleep one hour daily, he lengthens his year 365 hours, or twenty-three days of sixteen hours, the length of a waking day, which is what we call a day in these calculations. We will take a period of forty years, and see how it may be decreased or added to by sloth or energy. A person sleeping eight hours a day has his full average of 365 days in the year, and may, therefore, be said to enjoy complete his forty years. Let him take nine hours' sleep, and his year has but 365 days, so that he lives only thirty-seven and one-half years; with ten hours in bed he has 339 days, and his life is thirty-five years; in like manner, if the sleep is limited to seven hours, our year has 388 days, and instead of forty, we live forty-two and a half years; and if six hours is our allowance of slumber, we have 414 days in the year, and live forty-five years. By this we see, that in forty years two hours daily occasion either a loss or gain of five years. How much might be done in this space? What would we not give at the close of life for another lease of five years? And how bitter the reflection would be at such a time, if we reflected at all, that we have wilfully given up this port